THE

MUSEUM OF WIT;

BEING

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

Poetical Pieces,

Instructive and Entertaining.

Remarkable for their Point and Moral Tendency:

INTENDED AS AN

ANTIDOTE TO CARE,

And to promote

Mirth and Hilarity.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

"Good humour only teaches charms to last,
"Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past."

POPE.

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ON WIT.

THERE has not, perhaps, been greater variety of opinions, upon any subject, than respecting the ingredients that constitute *real wit;* nor any definitions more numerous than those of this faculty. One author asserts that it results from novelty and surprize of the idea, independent of its cloathing, and that what is wit in one style or language, will consequently be so in any other. Some are of opinion, that it does not consist so much in the originality or

point of the thought, as in the aptness or felicity of its expression;---but that it is,

——— Nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft' was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

Whilst others there are, whose productions are fertile in acknowledged specimens of wit, maintain that *punning* is a real and excellent species of it; and that those only decry and under-rate puns who are deficient in the pleasurable talent of making them: be this, however, as it may, it has been the principal aim of the Editor of the following pages, to collect such articles only as appeared to him conducive to good-humour, mirth, and hilarity; and in this endeavour, he trusts, his labour has not been entirely in vain.

THE

Museum of Wit.

WIT WITH THE BOWL.

SINCE wit is a wench for the lap of a god,
Since titles without her are poor;
Since folly retires at her gibe or her nod,
And dares to confront her no more.
I'll kiss her for life, and obey her controul,
And mingle her flashes of wit in my bowl.

From the cit to the throne with my charmer I'll stray,
'Tis seldom she sports with the swain:
But the proud pamper'd priest, as he comes in her way,
Awakens the mirth-stirring strain.
As he probes the dark hypocrite's vice to the soul,
I mingle her flashes of wit with my bowl.

Should the statesman perchance catch her keen
piercing eye,
In spite of the party he rules,
She proves him a leader (and bids him pass by)
Of time-serving rascals and fools:
Tho' malice looks fierce, and points strait to the goal,
I mingle her flashes of bliss in my bowl.

Should the doctor approach us, who gravely assures
He is the top of the medical tree,
She proves that his murders are more than his cures,
And his object alone is a fee.
At the turnpike of death he but gathers the toll,
While I mingle her flashes of bliss with my bowl.

With the man of the law too, full often she'll sport,
The knave whom no honour can bind,
As he bustles away with his plagues to the Court,
Wit calls to his clients behind,
To tell them their efforts must finish in dole,
While I mingle her flashes of bliss in my bowl.

To the rake out of health, as he murmurs along,
At Chloe still throwing his curse,
She proves had he taken a maid from the throng,
With more love for her fame than her purse;
With health he might prattle with innocence droll,
And mingle the flashes of wit in the bowl.

Now hence law and physic, political knaves,
And priests who no virtue possess,
And who people the gibbets, and toil for the graves,
And who only dishonour caress;
Hark to Brevity's call, we'll obey her controul,
And mingle the flashes of wit in the bowl.

LINES

Written in consequence of an incident which happened in the late Lord B——'s life.

THE bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat,
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat
Up starts his Lordship, to the window flies,
And lo! "A race!—a race!" in rapture cries;
"Where?" quoth Sir John; "Why see the drops of rain
"Start from the summit of the chrystal pane—
"A thousand pounds! which drop with nimblest force,
"Performs its current down the slippery course!"
The bets were fix'd—in dire suspense they wait
For vict'ry, pendant on the nod of fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes;
But ah! the glittering charms of life are short!
How oft too jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport.
Lo! thus attraction, by coersive laws,
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws—
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd;
How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!

THE MUSSULMAN'S PIG.

THUS says a prophet of the Turk,
Good Mussulmen beware of pork;
There is a part in every swine,
No follower, or friend of mine

May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he gave the joint at large:
Had he the sinful part exprest,
They might, with safety, eat the rest.
But, for one piece, they thought it hard,
From the whole pig to be debarr'd;
So set their wits to work, to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy therefore rose
This chose the cheek, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said,
He meant not to deny the head;
Whilst others at the doctrine rail,
And piously refuse the tail.
Thus conscience freed from every clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh, 'tis well, the tale apply'd
May make you laugh on t'other side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries:
We do—a multitude replies.
Whilst one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one (whatever you may say)
Can see no evil in a play.
Some love a concert, or a race,
And others shooting, or a chase;
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus, bit by bit, the whole is swallow'd:
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he.
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to mouth is eaten.

BAGATELLE,

BY THE LATE DR. JOHNSON.

IF e'er my fingers touch'd the lyre
In satire fierce, in pleasure gay,
Shall not my THRALIA's smiles inspire?
Shall SAM refuse the sportive lay?

My dearest lady! view your slave,
Behold him as your very *scrub*,
Eager to write, as author grave,
Or govern well the *brewing-tub*.

To rich felicity thus raised,
My bosom glows with am'rous fire:
Porter no longer shall be praised,
'Tis I myself am THRALE's *Entire*.

FEMALE COURTSHIP.

TWO or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,
Two or three noes when he bids you say yes,
Two or three smiles when you utter the no,
Two or three frowns if he offers to go;
Two or three speeches, like, ah, go away,
Two or three times you must hold him to stay;
Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,
Two or three tears, though you can't tell for what;
Two or three letters when vows are begun,
Two or three quarrels before you have done;
Two or three meetings to walk here and there,
Two or three nights to the court-house repair;

Two or three dances to make you jocose,
Two or three hours in a corner sit close;
Two or three starts when he bids you elope,
Two or three glances to intimate *hope*;
Two or three pauses before you are won,
Two or three faintings to let him press on;
Two or three sighs when you've wasted your tears,
Two or three hems when the chaplain appears,
Two or three squeezes when the *band's given away*,
Two or three coughs when you come to, *obey*;
Two or three courtsies when marriage is over,
Two or three honeys discovering your lover;
Two or three steps towards the bedchamber run,
Two or three kisses tho' ask'd but for one;
Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes,
Two or three husbands, tho' hard are the times.

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND.

By the late celebrated George Alexander Stevens, *author of the* Lecture on Heads, *&c.*

LET them, that like it, servile wait
On men of wealth—on men of state,
As fawning spaniels truckle;
No flatt'ry shall my pen profane,
But in an honest simple strain
I write to Harry B—kle*.

* A theatrical friend, who afterwards kept a capital inn in London.

My lot's in life to rove about,
Sometimes in luck, and sometimes out,
As circumstances happen;
For many years I rambled on,
To find where Fortune cou'd be gone,
At last I caught her napping.

We know the world, Hal, and are certain,
Without this lady, call'd dame Fortune,
Merit and mirth are palling;
In vain our other parts we show,
"'Tis money makes the mare to go"—
The loadstone that draws all in.

Get money!—that's the general cry,
Then Harry, have not you and I
A right to win a share on't?
By chance I've this said money caught,
And wish by chance I could be taught
The method to take care on't.

Strong passion pulls me by the sleeve,
And leering, cries—"George, by your leave,
"Why should you hoard up pelf, sir?"
Reason, on t'other hand, severe,
Aloud calls on me—"Stevens, hear!
"You now should know yourself, sir!"

Reason, is right—these gifts so fickle,
To guard against our former pickle,
Let's hoard, dear Hal, I pray;
Then we may shortly quit the stage,
Provide most rarely for old age,
And laugh our lives away.

THE PRIEST AND OSTLER.

ONCE at some holy time, perhaps 'twas Lent,
An honest ostler to confession went.
And there of sins a long extended score,
Of various shape and size he mumbled o'er;
Till having clear'd his conscience of the stuff,
(For any moderate conscience quite enough)
He ceas'd. "What more?" the reverend father cried—
"No more"—th' unburthen'd penitent replied.
"But," said the artful priest, "yet unreveal'd,
"There lurks one darling vice within your thought conceal'd.
"Did you, in all your various modes of cheating,
"Ne'er grease the horses' teeth to spoil their eating?"
"Never," cried Crop. So then to close each strain,
He was absolv'd, and sent to sin again.
Some months from hence, sad stings of conscience feeling,
Crop, at confessional, again was kneeling,
When lo! at every step his conscience easing,
Out popp'd a groan, and horses teeth and greasing;
"Sancta Maria!" cry'd the astonish'd priest,
"How much your sins have with your days increas'd.
"When last I saw you, you deny'd all this."
"True," said the ostler, "very true it is,
"And also true, that, till that blessed time,
"I never, father, heard of such a crime."

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A man, in many a country town, we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle;
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar, and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are;
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair:
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So (many a suff'ring patient saith)
Though the apothecary fights with death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapean line,
Liv'd at Newcastle, upon Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill;
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed;
Or give a glister.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff:*
Yet still he thought the list not long enough:
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanced things;—for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame, full six miles, round the country ran;
In short, in reputation he was *solus:*
All the old women call'd him "a fine man!"
His name was Bolus,

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
(Which oftentimes will genius fetter)
Read works of fancy, it is said;
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthysic?
Of poetry though patron God,
Apollo patronizes physic.

Bolus loved verse;—and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolv'd to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels,
In dapper couplets—like *Gay's Fables*;
Or rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing;—not a crime;—
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhime.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town, it might be four;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,
And, on the label of the stuff,
He wrote this verse;
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:
"*When taken,*
"*To be well shaken.*"

Next morning, early, Bolus rose;
And to the patient's house he goes;—

Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was indeed a very sorry hack;—
But that's of course:
For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back?

Bolus arrived; and gave a double tap;
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;
By fidlers, and by opera-singers:
One loud, and then a little one behind;
As if the knocker fell, by chance,
Out of their fingers

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
As if th' apothecary had physick'd him,
And not his master.

"Well how's the patient?" Bolus said.
John shook his head.
"Indeed!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!
"He took the draught?"—John gave a nod.
"Well—how?—what then?—speak out you dunce."
"Why then," says John, "we *shook* him once."
"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammer'd out:
"We jolted him about."
"Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do."
"No, Sir---and so we gave him two."

" Two shakes!—odds curse!
" 'Twould make the patient worse."
" It did so, Sir!—and so a third we tried."
" Well, and what then?"—" Then, Sir, my master died."

EPIGRAM.

TOM taken by Tim his new Mansion to view,
He observ'd, " 'Twas a BIG ONE, with Windows " TOO FEW."
" As for THAT," replies TIM, " I'm the Builder's " Forgiver,
" For taxes 'twill save, and that's good for the " Liver."
" True," says TOM, " as *you* live upon *Farthings* " and *Mites*,
" For the LIVER 'tis good—but damn'd bad for " the LIGHTS."

THE LEXICOGRAPHICAL DISTINCTION.

AN EPIGRAM.

ONCE a Quaker in court on a trial subpœn'd,
Who of each word he spoke the true meaning well wean'd;
By B—rc—ft examin'd, while Erskine stood by,
For the Counsellor's WHEREFORE had always a WHY;
And while answer to question he gave apropo,
He would often make use of LIKEWISE and ALSO.

LIKEWISE and ALSO, says the brow-beating Lawyer,
Don't bore us so much with your meeting-house jaw here;
LIKEWISE and ALSO have no meaning but one,
So with such vile tautology, *Stiff-rump*, have done.
I deny thy remark, quoth the Quaker, quite cool,
And who says they're synonimous, must be a Fool;
There's the man at thy elbow a Lawyer confess'd,
Which is not the case with each Lawyer profess'd,
For thou, my good friend, as plain-dealing I prize,
Art a Lawyer ALSO, but by no means LIKE-WISE.

THE FLY AND SPIDER.

A FABLE.

"GOOD-MORROW, dear Miss Fly," quoth gallant Grim,
"Good-morrow, Sir!"—reply'd Miss Fly to *him*.
"Walk in, Miss, pray, and see what I'm about."
"I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir," Miss Fly rejoin'd;
"My eyes are both so very good, I find,
"That I can plainly see the whole *without*."

"Fine weather, Miss!"—"Yes, very, very fine,"
Quoth Miss—"prodigious fine indeed!"—
"But why so coy?" quoth Grim, "that you decline
"To put within my bow'r your pretty head?"
"'Tis simply this,"
Quoth cautious Miss;
"I fear you'd like my pretty *head* so *well*,
"You'd keep it for yourself, Sir:—who can tell?"

" Then let me squeeze your lovely hand, my dear,
" And prove that all your dread is foolish, vain."—
" I've a sore finger, Sir; nay more, I fear,
" You really would not *let it go again.*"
" Pho, pho, child, pray dismiss your idle dread;
" I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head,—
" Come, then, with one kind kiss of Friendship meet me."
" La, Sir," quoth Miss, with seeming artless tongue,
" I fear our salutation would be *long*;
" So *loving*, too, I fear that you would—*eat me.*"

So saying, with a smile she left the Rogue,
To weave more lines of Death, and plan for Prog.

EXCUSE FOR OBLIVION.

AN EPIGRAM.

MARIA one morning was smitten full sore,
With the tooth-ache's unmerciful pang;
And she vow'd if she liv'd to the age of five-score,
That she still should remember the fang.
But a skilful young dentist her torture dispell'd,
And so soon sent her anguish to pot,
That mamma from her flirting a rat having smell'd,
Cry'd, " Miss, why your tooth's quite forgot!"
When Miss, having shewn that the grinder was gone,
" To forget 'tis but common," she said,
" Such a thing as we think not worth thinking upon,
" For you see, 'tis quite *out of my head.*"

LIKE NO PART OF LIKENESS.

AN EPIGRAM.

TEADY meeting with Teague upon Waterford quay,
" Arrah now, but," says he, " what's the news of the day?"
" Troth," says Teague, " none at all at all, worth while to mind,
" Excepting last night that I saw a great wind!"
" Saw a wind, sure," says Teady, " but that was quite queer;
" Pray what was it like, and how did it appear?"
" It appear'd very frightful," says Teague, " by my sowle,
" For I shook like an asp to see how it did howl;
" And for what it was *like*, by the King's precious crown!
" But 'twas like——to have blown my poor cabin quite down!"

THE NAVAL SUBALTERN,

A LACONIC TALE.

BEN Block was a veteran of naval renown,
And renown was his only reward;
For the BOARD still neglected his merits to crown,
As no int'rest he held with my lord!
Yet brave as Old Benbow was sturdy old Ben,
And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar!
When the death-dealing broadside made worm's meat of men,
And the scuppers were streaming with gore!

Nor could a lieutenant's poor stipend provoke
The staunch tar to despise scanty prog;
But his biscuit he'd crack, turn his quid, crack his joke,
And drown care in a jorum of grog!
That year after year, in a Subaltern state,
Poor Ben for his King fought and bled;
'Till Time had unroof'd all the thatch from his pate,
And the hair from his temples had fled,

When, on humbly saluting, with Sinciput bare,
The first Lord of the Admiralty once;
Says his lordship, "Lieutenant, you've lost all your hair,
"Why, my lord," replied Ben, "it with truth may be said,
"While a bald pate I long have stood under,
"There have so many Captains walk'd over my head,
"That to see me quite *scalp'd*, 'twere no wonder."

IMPROMPTU,

On the unseasonable state of the Weather.

AT the gate of an inn, which they call the Nag's Head,
A play-bill was stuck, where a title I read,
Of which think me not a perverter—
If smiling I said, while perusing the fun,
"This Afterpiece puts me in mind of the SUN,"
For, in fact, it was call'd *The Deserter*.

" That's a hit," said my comrade, " but what will you say,
" To *The Strangers at Home*, which you see is the play?"
" Why," says I, " as the Sun takes his roam,
" Spring and Summer, alike, have deserted, alack,
" And when the three runaways choose to come back,
" We'll proclaim them *The Strangers at Home*."

P. S. Thus I, when from home, a confess'd absentee,
Must have smil'd, had my friends said the same thing of me.

MILITARY JEU D'ESPRIT.

Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus.

A Colonel, by Chronicles, late it appears,
In style gave a feed to his crack volunteers;
The dishes were good, but the glasses so small,
His heroes could scarcely drink any at all.
The Commandant thus to his right and left wing
Said, " Gentlemen, *charge*, let us drink to the King!"
A jolly sub. eyeing his glass at the time,
Cry'd, " Colonel, here's hardly enough for a *prime!*"

EPIGRAM.

THRO' Pancras church-yard as two taylors were walking,
.. princes and politics earnestly talking—
Says Robert to Richard (by way of digression),
" 'Tis a very fine morning beyond all expression;

" If this weather goes on," added he, looking round,
" 'Twill bring every thing charmingly out of the ground."
" God forbid!" replied Richard alertly, " for here
" I bury'd two wives without shedding a tear."

PARADOX.

FOUR people sat down in one evening to play,
They play'd all that eve, and parted next day:
Cou'd you think, when you're told, as thus they all sat,
No other play'd with them, nor was there one bet;
Yet when they rose up, each gained a guinea,
Tho' none of them lost to th' amount of a penny.

ANSWER.

Four merry fidlers play'd all night,
To many a dancing ninny;
And the next morning went away,
And each receiv'd a guinea.

EPIGRAM.

A Robber on a Captain popt,
The valiant hero fled!
He afterwards a Doctor stopt—
The Doctor shot him dead.

ANSWER.

There's nothing new in this affair,
'Tis practis'd every day—
Physicians still, with courage kill,
While Soldiers run away.

THE PRAISE OF MARGATE.

BY PETER PINDAR.

THE *Taylor* here the port of *Mars* assumes,
Who cross-legg'd sat in silence on his board—
Forgets his goose and rag-besprinkled rooms,
And thread and thimble, and now struts a *Lord!*
Here *Crispin* too forgets his end and awl—
Here *Mistress Cleaver* with importance looks,
Forgets the beef and mutton on her stall,
And lights and livers dangling from the hooks.
Here *Mistress Tap*, from pewter pots withdrawn,
Walks forth in all the pride of paunch and geer,
Mounts her swoln heels on *Dandelion*'s lawn,
And at the ball-room heaves her heavy rear.
Chang'd by their travels—mounted high in soul,
Here *Suds* forgets whate'er remembrance shocks,
And *Mistress Suds* forgetteth too the pole,
Wigs, bob and pig-tail, basons, razors, blocks!
Here too the most important *Dicky Dab*,
With puppy-pertness, pretty pleasant PRIG,
Forgets the narrow fishy house of *Crab*,
And drives in Jehu-stile his whirling Gig!

And here 'midst all such consequence am I,
The Poet! semper idem—just the same—
Bidding old *Satire*'s haws at folly fly,
To fill the shops of *Booksellers* with game.

IN ANSWER TO PETER PINDAR
In Praise of Margate.

PRAY why, Friend Peter, dids't thou, snarling, hie,
To Margate's cheerful strand, in Margate hoy,
Like snake behind a brake, was it to lie,
To spit thy venom—comfort to destroy?

Why, quitting Kings, and Courts, and titled Peers,
Dost shoot thy barbed wit at *Butchers' Wives?*
Why at a *Taylor* throw your jibes, your geers,
When honest industry at wealth arrives?

'Tis as when Cocknies, sometimes void of skill,
O'er meads, and even fields, after covies roam,
Spring them and fire, but not a partridge kill,
Shoot a poor sparrow as they journey home!

And pray what odds, pert Peter, after all,
'Twixt *Cleaver's Wife* and thou, great *Poetaster?*
She quits the "beef and mutton on her stall,"
You, lotion, potion, clyster-pipe, and plaister.*

JUSTIFICATION.

A RURAL TALE.

A FARMER once, who wanted much
A sturdy husbandman;
And one, well qualified as such,
To suit his thrifty plan:

One who was sparing at his meat,
And sparing in his drink;
And, daily task-work to complete,
Would never flinch or shrink;

Induc'd a clodpole to apply,
Commended by a neighbour,
As "Never hungry, never dry,
"Nor ever tir'd of labour!"

* It may be necessary to mention, by way of illustration, that Dr. Walcot, i. e. Peter Pindar, was originally an apothecary in Devonshire,

But soon, when hir'd, and set to work,
He prov'd, to crown the bam,
As lazy as a cross-legg'd Turk,
Yet turkey-like, he'd cram!

For bacon-rack was quickly shrunk,
So well he'd fill his dish;
And soon the cellar's stock was sunk,
He'd drink so like a fish!

Which made Old Squeezum rail and rave,
Against his neighbour Muggs;
To bubble him, like a lying knave,
With three such damn'd humbugs.

You "Never hungry! ne'er athirst!
"Of working never tir'd!"
I wish that both your skins had burst,
Ere such a pest I hir'd.

Hold, Zur, says hobnail, doant ye vly
In such a deadly twoddle;
If Measter Muggs have tould a lie,
Then vairly crack my noddle.

Vor I do never hungry be,
Before my guts I vill,
And drowth do never trouble me,
Before I gets a zwill.

And I did never work purzue,
Till tir'd or overheeated;
Zo Measter Muggs have tould ye true,
And you have not been cheeated.

THE COTTAGER.

A COW, a pig, the feather'd brood,
The cot, which on the common stood,
The scythe and sickle, flail and spade,
Brought Hodge, and family, their bread.

When his kind stars these aids afford,
Hodge is as happy as his lord;
He felt no want—was blithe as May,
Cattle, or wife, ne'er went astray.

But now the commons are inclos'd,
His fav'rite stock to sale expos'd;
His cow, his calf, his pig, are gone,
His sheep are "kill'd off," ev'ry one;
His flail, scythe, sickle, and his spade,
Could not supply his house with bread.

Hunger, no fear of law descries,
"No fear of God before his eyes,"
He stole a Goose, by famine led,
From that spot where his own had fed.

Now to the Justice brought in haste,
That Justice who inclos'd the waste,
His Worship in a passion flew—
In silence Hodge a long face drew—
"A halter, sirrah, you'll not miss,
"For perpetrating crimes like this."

Hodge droop'd his head, and heav'd a sigh,
Then meekly utter'd this reply:—
"The crime is small in man or woman,
"Should they a goose steal from a common;
"But what can plead that man's excuse
"Who steals a common from a goose?"

THE WHIMSICAL MAL-ENTENDU.

AN EPIGRAM.

A Poor simple foreigner, not long ago,
Whose knowledge of English was, simply, so, so;
At a shop window reading, "Good pickles sold here,"
To the shopwoman said, "Vat is pickles, my dear?"

"Why, pickles," says she, "is a sort of name,
"Like preserves, and the meaning is nearly the same;
"For pickling preserves, though not quite the same way,
"Yet 'tis much the same thing, as a body may say."

The foreigner bow'd, and gave thanks for his lesson,
Which, the next day, at dinner, he made a fine mess on:
For a loud clap of thunder caus'd Miss Kitty Nervous,
To start from her chair, and cry, "Mercy preserve us!"
While he, keeping closely his lesson in view,
Cry'd, "Mercy *preserve* us, and *pickle* us too!"

A SHORT CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A PARSON AND PATRON.

LORD S—dw—h thus wrote to his chaplain one day,
"Dear Tom, would you leave off to preach and to pray,

" And bishop-like sit in your sinecure chair,
" Take Miss *** off my hands, and her settlement share;
" Each year shall a leash of good hundreds supply,
" And in clover you'll wallow, you rogue, till you die:
" But if you're determin'd to cross my intent,
" Pray don't take AMISS, what, by ***, is well meant."
This friendly proposal the parson refusing,
An answer thus penn'd for his patron's perusing:
" My lord, the great good which to me you'd extend,
" My pride it shall be to proclaim WITHOUT END;
" And your friendship, exalted, so much I regard,
" That I hope it will meet—an EXALTED reward!
" While your wish I reject, tho' depend upon this,
" 'Tis comply'd with so far, as to—*Not take a* MISS."

EPIGRAM,

On seeing the Lady of Sir John Day, and Miss Orchard, her Cousin, pass through Birmingham, last Winter, on their way to London

WHILE nipping frosts, with deadly bite,
Our choicest fruits consume;
Behold, to feast, at least, our sight,
An ORCHARD in full bloom!

And what is passing strange beside,
'Tis equal truth to say,
That, just preceding Christmas tide,
Pops on us, LADY DAY!

MOSES MOUSETRAP.

A TALE.

SEQUESTER'D in a silent vale,
By flow'ry margin'd Dee,
Once dwelt the hero of my tale;
A tiny mouse was he.

Who chose his habitation where
Was much celestial food;
But, little of the grosser fare,
That turns to flesh and blood.

His solitary life he led,
Within a church unseen;
That he was better taught than fed,
There's little doubt I ween.

Scarce once a year a scanty dole,
With sacrilegious claw,
The starv'ling from the chancel stole,
To satisfy his maw.

For why? few thither went to hear
The evangelic word;
And fewer more than once a year
To banquet with the Lord.

Yet oft the goodly vicar toil'd,
Unwearied in his station;
As oft, 'twould seem, the devil foil'd
His ghostly ministration.

Heav'n's champion still, the good man strove
To counteract his foe;
And much discours'd of heav'n above,
And eke of hell below—

Then parables (for well he knew
The book of sacred lore)
And texts of scripture not a few,
He dealt from out his store.

One afternoon in Easter tide,
As was his pious way,
A sermon he would give, beside
The service of the day—

And preach he did with great applause—
Right earnest was his aim
To make new converts to his cause—
The devil's was the same—

The wily tempter's arch design,
As went the sermon on,
To disappoint the grave divine,
Will follow, Sirs, anon.

'Ere long their eyes the audience clos'd,
Unable to withstand
The drowsy pow'r—nay, Moses doz'd,
Tho' second in command.

No wonder they a nap should take,
Long sermons after dinner;
E'en Sherlock's scarce can keep awake
The most repentant sinner.

'Twas then a meagre mouse that spent,
Like famish'd anchorite,
A tedious and abstemious lent,
Beheld a glorious sight.

A wig it was, well dredg'd and basted;
So rich an olio sure,
A mouse that had no victual tasted
For weeks, might well allure.

The very wig that Moses wore
In honour of the day,
He saw; and when he heard him snore,
Thereon resolv'd to pray.

So forth with cautious tread he crept,
The rev'rend wig assail'd;
And while its owner soundly slept,
Luxuriously regal'd.

Now Satan some advantage gain'd,
His stratagem succeeded—
His mouse the people entertain'd—
The preacher no one heeded.

Some laugh'd aloud—some forc'd a cough—
Some others blew their noses,
To scare the bold marauder off
The periwig of Moses.

But vain was ev'ry art essay'd,
To make the robber flinch—
"The deuce is in the mouse," they said,
"He will not stir an inch!"

At length the vicar, forc'd to pause,
Enquir'd what was the matter?
Unable to divine the cause
Of such a din and clatter.

And staring round in wild amaze,
He last of all detected
The wig which, focus-like, the rays
Of ev'ry eye collected

With eyes uplifted, hands outstretch'd,
His wonder he express'd;
And when a sullen groan he'd fetch'd,
To ease his lab'ring breast——

"Why, Moses, Moses, man awake,"
Impatiently he cries;
"Thy wig, thy Sunday-wig's at stake!"——
"Amen!" the clerk replies.

The mouse, when sumptuously he'd fed
As he was reconnoitring
Upon his tour round Moses' head,
And here and there stood loit'ring;

Let fall his tail on Moses' chin,
Which tickled him, no doubt,
Else, maugre all the people's din,
He'd snor'd the sermon out——

Just then he started, and he chopp'd,
Nor made the chop in vain;
The Mouse's pendent tail he lopp'd,
And bit a claw in twain.

A

RETORT COURTEOUS.

Occasioned by a late Disaster near Blackfriars Bridge.

TO see a fire, the other day,
Came W . . . , and was heard to say,
"Since no man lost his life,
'Tis well."—"No, marry, not so well:
But, how it might, I soon could tell,"
Exclaim'd a crabbed wife.
"Indeed!" quoth W . . . , turning round,
"Your riddle, madam, pray expound;
Your meaning let us know?"—
"My meaning's plain," the dame return'd;
"For instance, Sir, had you been burn'd,
It had been well, I trow."

EPITAPH ON A SAILOR.

HERE goes honest Ben to the sharks soon a prey,
Who liv'd like a sailor, good natur'd and gay;
His rigging well fitted, his sides close and tight.
His bread-room well stow'd, and his mainmast aright;
Davy Jones, like a pirate, built solely for plunder,
Thus hail'd the poor lad, in a voice harsh as thunder—
" Drop your peak, my tight fellow, your foresail throw back,
For already too long you've remained on that tack."
Ben heard the dread call, and without more ado,
His sail flatten'd in, and his bark she broach'd to.

EPIGRAM.

A Drunken old Scot, by the rigorous sentence
Of the Kirk, was condemn'd to the stool of repentance;
Mess John to his conscience his vices lac'd home,
And his danger in this and the world that's to come;
" Thou reprobate mortal! why, doth thou not know,
Where, after you're dead, all you drunkards must go?"—
" Must go when we're dead! *Why*, Sir, you may swear,
We shall go, one and all, where we find the best beer.

ON WOMAN.

WOMEN are books, and men the readers be,
In whom they often great errata see;
Here sometimes we a blot, there we espy
A leaf misplac'd, at least a line awry:—
If they *are* books, I wish that my wife were
An Almanack—to change her ev'ry year!

ON A MARINE OFFICER.

HERE lies, retir'd from busy scenes,
A first lieutenant of marines,
Who lately liv'd in gay content,
On board the brave ship Diligente;
Now stripp'd of all his warlike show,
And laid in box of elm below;
Confin'd in earth, in narrow borders,
He rises not till further orders.

EPITAPH.

HOW often wrong's our nomenclature,
How our names differ from our nature,
'Tis easy to discern:
"Here lies the quintessence of wit,
"For mirth and humour none so fit,
"And yet men call'd him—*Stern-e!*

ON THE DEATH OF POWELL THE FAMOUS PEDESTRIAN.

FOR quick ideas, some we praise,
And men of talents meet:
But this man's fame, and fame it was,
Lay wholly in his FEET.

Such *Feet* were never known before,
Witness the wond'rous work,
Which thousands long remember will
Of travelling to YORK!

But now, alas! our Trav'ler's gone
To that mysterious bourn,
From which th' immortal Shakspeare says
"No trav'lers e'er return!

THE CARD TABLE.

(IN THE FAMILY WAY.)

THE tea dispatch'd, the cards are brought—
(Who would so unpolite be thought
As not to play?) The party made,
The hopes of gain each breast invade,
"Six-pence a fish—Come, who's to deal?"
Emotions strong the players feel,
And practice all the modish arts;
"Ladies, I play alone in hearts.
"Had you—one eagerly upbraids—
"(Clubs, and I call the king of spades)
"Had you but play'd another card,
"We'd won the vole.—'Tis very hard!
"You led a trump upon my word,
"And now we're basted off the board.
"Basto, Spadille, a guarded queen,
"Madam, your deep finesse is seen.
"I now ask leave—you must do more
"I never held such cards before."
In conversation thus sublime
See fashion's vot'ries spend their time!
Neglected whilst each duty lies,
And avarice its place supplies;

Dupes to a false, perverted taste,
Their precious moments run to waste.
Whate'er is rational or right,
This rage for cards excludes it quite.

THE LAWS OF THE ROAD.

THE Laws of the Road are a paradox quite,
for when you are travelling along,
If you keep to the LEFT you'll be sure to be RIGHT,
If you keep to the RIGHT you'll be WRONG.

A MONODY.

CATS who frail nymphs in gay assemblies guard.
As Buckram stiff, and bearded like the pard;
Calumnious cats who circulate faux paux,
And reputations maul with murd'rous claws.
Shrill cats whom fierce domestic brawls delight.
Cross cats who nothing want but teeth to bite;
Starch cats of puritanic aspect sad,
And learned cats who talk their husband's mad;
Confounded cats, who cough, and croak, and cry,
And maudlin cats, who drink eternally;
Prim cats, of countenance and mien precise,
Yet oft'ner hankering for men than mice.
Curst cats whom nought has castigation checks.
Penurious cats who buy their coals by pecks;
Fastidious cats who pine for costly cates,
And jealous cats who catechise their mates;
Cat prudes who, when they're ask'd the question, squall,
And ne'er give answer categorical
Uncleanly cats, who never pare their nails,

Cat gossips full of Canterbury tales.
Cat grandams vex'd with asthmas and catarrhs.
And superstitious cats who curse their stars;
Cats who their favours barter for a bribe,
And canting cats, the worst of all the tribe.
And faded virgin cats, and tabbies old,
Who at quadrille remorseless mouse for gold;
Cats of each class, craft, calling, and degree,
Mourn Dick's calamitous catastrophe

EPIGRAM,

On the Vending counterfeit Gilt Buttons instead of the real Article.

THAT guilt has punishment to fear,
It stands on reason's ground;
But where no guilt did e'er appear,
Who can be guilty found?

Then on what ground, Logicians say,
Is this strange doctrine built,
That button gilders guilt betray,
In works quite free from guilt?

For, if by want of gilt, they shew,
How much to guilt they're prone;
'Tis passing strange that guilt should flow
From giltless works alone!

A SHORT ANECDOTE IN RHIME.

AT a fam'd Flemish inn, where, believe me, 'tis true,
There's the sign of the *goose*, and a *golden* one too,
La. y C—v—n, who, now, is her highness serene,
And whose spirit in spending may cope with a queen,

Supp'd and slept on her tour through the Flanderkin towns,
For which her good host charg'd a hundred good crowns,
Though her own, her two lacqueys, and Abigail's fare,
Nor in solids, nor fluids, were costly or rare;
And as impudence strove imposition to grace,
The landlord with phiz full of grin and grimace,
With cringe and congee, at the door of her chaise,
The next morn bid adieu to my Lady *Anglaise*;
Hoping, when she return'd from her tour, with her train,
She would honour his house with her presence again.
When her ladyship, smilingly, answer'd the fleecer,
"Your fine *golden goose* I may once again see, Sir;
"But next time I venture to *sup* here, or *dine*,
"I must beg you'll mistake me no more for your *sign*."

THE BARBER AND CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

YOUNG Nick within a Barber's shop
A chimney had been sweeping,
And having done his swarthy job,
Again was downward creeping.

While tying up his bag of soot,
A waggish shaving blade
Exclaim'd, "May I presume to ask,
"What was your father's trade?"

"What trade?" quoth Sweep, "why to my shame
And chagrin be it spoken,
My father was a BARBER, Sir!
How cursedly provoking!

I might have been a Barber too,
And his own sphere have play'd in,
But did not like, to say the truth,
A business so degrading.

THE WITLESS WITLING.

AN EPIGRAM.

FOR his nephew, the Vicar a fortune had scrap'd
And Tom was his heir by his will;
But Tom's flippant tongue, not his patron escap'd,
As his clack-rattle never stood still.

For Tom was a Wit; and his uncle's red face,
He to Bardolph's was wont to compare;
And he'd queer the old putt, for his long-winded grace,
Or mimick his mumbling at prayer.

Then to pose and perplex him with quibbles, one day,
Being wantonly seized with the fit;
"Prithee, Parson," says Tom, "what's the diff'rence, I pray,
"Between a Wise Man and a Wit?"

"Why Tom, the whole difference lies here," quoth the Priest,
"A mere Wit is to folly so prone,
"That to gall his best friend, he'll let fly his worst jest,
"But a Wise Man will let it alone.

"Thus you, for your sport my complexion deride,
"And a carbuncle make of each pimple;
"For which, you must know, I've my will set aside,
"But have left you, of WIT—a *fee simple*."

THE IRISH FISHERMAN.

AN Irishman angling one day up the Liffy,
Which runs down by Dublin's sweet city, so fine;
A smart shower of rain falling, Pat, in a giffy,
Crept under the arch of a bridge with his line.
"Why that's not the way to accomplish your wishes,"
Cries Dermot, "the devil a bite will you get;"
"Och, bother," says Pat, "don't you know that the fishes
"Will flock under here to keep out of the wet?"

THE CONSCIENTIOUS GIRL.

TO win my LAURA I essay'd
In vain—in Prose or Rhime,
For still replied the scrup'lous Maid,
"Convince me 'tis no crime;

"No—ne'er shall thy insidious art
"My steadfast Bosom move,
"Reason must triumph in my Heart,
"Ere Reason yield to Love."

"And will my LAURA still believe
"The old Maid's envious Tale,
"Who at the Bliss they can't receive,
"With fretful Malice rail?

"To them no vernal Scenes appear,
"No purple painted sky;
"'Tis gloomy Winter all the year,
"To Envy's canker'd eye.

" While Nature—vivid Nature reigns
" In mountain, dale, and grove;
" While love-exciting Youth remains,
" LAURA must yield to Love:

" For why should she with faint disguise,
" That gentle Reign disown?
" When all the vast Creation cries
" *Her Laws are God's alone.*

" See! all on Earth, in air, and sea,
" That walk, or swim, or fly,
" Their great Creator's voice obey—
" *Increase and Multiply!*"

The quiv'ring Lip, the rosy hue,
The falt'ring voice suppress;
While all her Charms rise to view,
I clasp'd her to my breast.

My Fair resigns—with tender sighs,
And looks of fond delight,
" Ah! now I feel," she murm'ring cries,
" *Whatever is—is right.*"

THE EPIGRAM.

An EPIGRAM should be—if right,
Short, simple, pointed, keen, and bright,
A lively little thing!
Like wasp with taper body—bound
By lines—not many, neat and round,
All ending in a sting.

WINE INTO WATER.

IN amaze a young Student of Oxford survey'd
His Tutor quaff off—his six bottles of red,
And as often attempt with an hearty good will,
The capacious contents of a Jordan to fill;
Says *Philo*, "Instruct me, Sir—if it be right,
"When your Wine is so *red*, why your Water's
so *white*?"
Then—stroking the Gills of his rubicond Face,
Old *Stingo* thus answered with learned grimace,
"All the aqueous Part thro' the Kidnies flows,
"But the rich rosy tincture—flies up to my Nose."

THE WELCOME AND UNWELCOME DECISION.

ONCE a Cockney and Yorkist maintain'd a dispute,
Whether London or York was of oldest repute;
And the contest kept up, with a clamorous pother,
About "which Lord Mayor took place of the
other;"
When a wag, who stood by, took the part of the
tyke,
Saying—London to York, was, in fame, nothing
like;
And—that when their chief magistrates met on the
road,
Never yet did the *first* dare the *last* incommode;

As the law of the land, which binds lords to obey,
Makes the Lord May'r of London turn out of the way!
At this *sage* arbitration, so pleas'd was the clod,
That the umpire, he swore, was a *woise mon, by G—!*
But the wag thus reply'd, " No great conjuror, I,
" For, without the black art, we this knot can untye;
" And, before you exult, hear the reason, I pray,
" Why the Lord May'r of London, for YOUR's, must break way.
" The former, when pleas'd ŏn a journey to fix,
" From the city sets out, in his chariot and six;
" While the latter, whose state you so boastfully brag on,
" His journey must take in the Yorkshire stage waggon;
" Which *waggs on*, by law, with its dignify'd load,
" Unimpeded, while chariots turn out of the road!"
Poor *Sapskull*, thus craftily put to the blush,
Thought, a badg'ring to 'scape, 'twas the best way to BRUSH.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

A TALE.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on town, yclep'd TOM KING,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to teaze and *smoke*,
In short, for strokes of humour, quite the *thing*.

To many a jovial club this King was known
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—
Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck, and blood,
Would crowd, his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game, till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials hight;
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place, there liv'd the num'rous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,
Known at that time by the name of refugees—
The rod of Persecution, from their home,
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well! our two friends were saunt'ring through the street,
In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
When in a window near, a light they view;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
So tow'rds the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Strait at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock)
" I'll ask," says King, " if THOMPSON lodges here"—
" THOMPSON," cries t'other, " who the devil is he?"
" I know not," King replies, " but want to see
" What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time, a little Frenchman came,
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they call *culotte*;
An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one-shoulder spread,
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rouz'd, he courteous smil'd,
And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee—
" Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late;
" I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you vait;
" Pray tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me?"

" Sir," reply'd King, " I merely thought to know,
" As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go—
" But, really, I disturb'd your sleep I fear—
" I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
" Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
" If there's a Mr. THOMPSON lodges here?"

The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleas'd to find
The business of this unimportant kind,
Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrugg'd out a sigh that thus his rest should break,
Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spake—
" No, Sare, no Monsieur TONSON lodges here."

Our wag begg'd pardon, and toward home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
But King, resolv'd not thus to drop the jest,
So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before;
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound;
King, with the knocker, thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determin'd to remain;
And oft' indeed he made the door resound.

At last, King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wondering what fiend again disturb'd his sleep;
The wag salutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawling out to heighten the surprize,
(While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes)
"Is there—a Mr. THOMPSON—lodges here?"

The Frenchman faulter'd, with a kind of fright—
"Vy, Sare, I'm sure I told you, Sare, last night—
(And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere)
"No Monsieur TONSON in de varld I know,
"No Monsieur TONSON here—I told you so;
"Indeed, Sare, dare no Monsieur TONSON here!"

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose
The rogue next night pursu'd his old career—
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
"Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur TONSON here!"

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whose tongue indeed than any jack went faster—
Anxious she strove his errand to enquire,
He said " 'tis vain her pretty tongue to tire,
" He should not stir till he had seen her master."

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day—
King told her she must fetch her master down,
A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
And long indeed was she oblig'd to bawl,
E're she could rouze the torpid lump of clay—
At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears,
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When King attacks him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And strait in rage began his crest to rear—
" Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so?
" Sare, I inform you, Sare, three nights ago,
" Got tam, I swear, no Monsieur TONSON
here!"

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
Between the harrass'd Frenchman and his wife,
Which would descend to chase the fiend away;
At length, to join their forces they agree,
And strait impetuously they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Utt'ring the old enquiry, calmly stood—
The *name* of THOMPSON rais'd the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With, "Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit:
They threw out water—for the watch they call,
But King expecting, still escapes from all—
Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime,
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot;
At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace—
"Ah, here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said,
"My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead—
"Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say!
He took his old abode that very day—
Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
With rush-light as before he creeping came,
And King's detested voice, astonish'd, hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore—
Then starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
"Begar! here's Monsieur TONSON come again!"
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more!"

THE LADY'S CHOICE.

AN EPIGRAM.

LUCINDA's luck did spinsters grudge,
While lovers twain pursu'd her;
For while she charm'd an old grave JUDGE,
A young gay *sheriff* woo'd her

The *judge* was rich, the *sheriff* poor,
Papa preferr'd his lordship;
And mammon scorn'd for cupid's lure,
Old *squaretoes* deem'd a hardship.

But Miss, whom rank nor wealth could move,
To be by dotard bedded;
(For if Jack Ketch had gain'd her love,
The hangman she'd have wedded:)

Said—"Since to *love* and *cherish* too
"Was wedlock's institution;
"*Judgment* may have its weight with *you*,
"But *I'm* for *execution*."

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL;

OR,

The Modern Mode of Punch-making.

A SIMILE.

A WIDOW to a bowl of punch
Compar'd the marriage state;
R.—*Hot water, spirits, quantum suff.*
Some *acid* and much *sweet.*

A simile so strange to prove,
She thought it most expedient
Herself to try; and mark how well
She mix'd up each ingredient.

Two tedious years of widowhood,
Experience sore had taught her,
That youthful blood at sixty-five
Keeps women in *hot water.*

And sure it is within that breast,
Which grief so late had troubled,
Enough to *scald* a widow's veins,
That same *hot water* bubbled.

So straight a second spouse she took,
A true and BRITISH SPIRIT,
None of your HUM ones, but a—MAN—
Of *course*, a man of *merit.*

Sweets she'd enough—her cash was sweet—
Aye, sweet was every penny—
Her house was sweet—her cellars sweet—
Herself more sweet than any.

But where an *acid* to obtain
Of such a gentle savour,
As with the rest but justly mix
And give THE WHOLE its flavour,

She scarce could tell. Full many a night
The fond idea she'd dream on;
At length, resolv'd to *sell* herself,
And fairly *bought* a—LEMON.

Then since with so much care she's tried
Her PUNCHBOWL to supply,
Long may she quaff the pleasing draught,
And squeeze the LEMON *dry!*

NED AND LUKE.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL TALE.

TWO chums at the same point of time,
With the same general in view;
Leave college, and, with eager hope,
Their different plans pursue.

Ned ne'er cou'd wink at folly's prank,
Nor flatter pride and vice;
Spoke free and bluntly what he thought:
And dress'd not over-nice.

Luke bow'd demure, spoke with a smile,
Was always snug and clean;—
In others ne'er saw vice; and why?
It ought not to be seen.

Twelve years elapsed; disclosing time,
Which every thing can dish-up,
Saw Ned a poor lank *Cura'e* still,
And Luke a sleek fat *Bishop*.

They met; and on their different fates
With usual freedom spoke:
My Lord accounted for them thus—
Success will have its joke:

"That one's so snug and t'other lank,
"Must from this cause commence—
"I, *by divine permission live*,
"You but *on Providence*."

The Legacy of an Old Friend,

And his last Moral Lesson to

Mrs. Hesler Lynch Thrale, now Mrs. Piozzi.

QUESTION.

WHETHER 'twas *love of Fame*, or *love of Ale*,
The *Wife* obtain'd th' *entire* by marrying *Thrale*;
But when a *second husband* fann'd the fire,
Say, did th' *Italian nuptials* give th' *entire?*

ANSWER.

The *Wife* gave her hand at the altar of *Thrale*,
For something she lov'd—and it might be *good Ale*;
Then married a second, with wishes not fewer,
Who wanted *that something* possessed by the *Brewer*.
The answer is this, to the question you put,
She found one *Entire*, and the other *all-Butt*.

THE HORNED BIPED,

AND

THE BULL WITHOUT HORNS.

A TALE.

CONTENTED and quiet, nor heeding who scorns,
Tame cuckolds, they say, ever pocket their horns
As cowards who, tremblingly, fear to stand brunts,
With true christian patience will pocket affronts;
Nor high birth nor breeding this upshot can parry,
While dastards court kicking, and dotards will marry;
Nor nobility's shield can ward off the broad slur,
But blots to their 'scutcheons will stick like a blur;
And that history's page may the truth here decide,
We'll look back and appeal to Lord Chancellor Hyde;
Who, when Charles was restor'd to the sceptre and crown,
On the woolsack, "*with horn high exalted,*" sat down.
And it happ'd on those days when we prize regal rule,
That an honest old thump-cushion, called Doctor Bull,
Who had preach'd for his king, ay, and pray'd like a saint,
For preferment petition'd, in language so quaint,
That the mirth-loving monarch laugh'd loud at the letter,
And swore that no bishop deserv'd a boon better:

So quickly comply'd with the doctor's demand,
And sign'd him a benefice under his hand,
But the haughty cornuto who held the great seal,
A march on his master had ventur'd to steal,
And before *royal* hands did th' vic'rage convey,
With his *own* had bequeath'd the fat living away;
So the doctor was robb'd of the royal donation,
Nor could the king's hand cancel Hyde's presentation.
Thus baulk'd, and quite beggar'd, with waiting in town,
On a bench, in the Park, the poor doctor sat down;
Like a crest-fallen loser, when fleec'd by the winner,
And lucklessly counting the trees for his dinner;
When putting his hand in his pocket perchance,
He took out the king's grant, at the name gave a glance,
And pennyless gazing at CHARLES in broad letter,
Quoth he, "Not a pickpurse could do bus'ness better;
"My last stiver's gone, I'm for cash at a stand,
"And lo! in my pocket I've found the king's *hand!*"
As the fates have their frolicks, it so pleas'd the TRINE,
That the king was then coming from council to dine;
When the parson resolv'd to pluck up a good heart,
And the state of his case to the monarch impart;
For tho' pocketing horns to tame cuckolds belongs,
He determin'd not tamely to pocket his wrongs;

So the king he accosted, with lowly submission,
And he said, " Though I'm rais'd by your royal commission,
" From poor humble curate, to rich master vicar,
" Nor plenty, nor peace, follows faster or thicker,
" Lord Hyde, my dread liege, scarce your orders had read,
" But a shadow they prov'd, for their substance had fled;
" He the fatling tythe pig for another had carv'd,
" And, believe me, I stand a fair chance to be starv'd;
" For I dine with Duke Humphry, excepting, alas,
" I, like Nebuchadnezzar, can dine upon grass;
" My last *doit* is spent, while my mis'ries to mock at,
" I still find your majesty's hand in my pocket;
" That hand which had fain made my pocket run o'er,
" Is all that remains of my pocket's poor store!"
" Ods fish," cries the king, " has old Hyde serv'd thee so?
" Back to him, friend Bull, and from ME let him know,
" That as sure as a cuckold's skin covers his carcase,
" He shall make the most ample amends for this hard case;
" A prebend or dean shall he 'stall thee outright,
" Or henceforth bid the varlet ne'er come in my sight."
Not Hermes, more swiftly, could wing thro' the sky,
Than back did poor Bull to the chancellor fly;

Who, bloated with pride, and with spleen ever full,
To the message reply'd, " So your name, friend, is Bull;
" Your cognomen's as grand as the great Capricorn's!
" But, as you're a Bull, prithee, where are your horns?"
" My horns," quoth the doctor, " you're full of your fun,
" But the question I'll answer in point, with a pun;
" I'm a bull *without* horns, tho' my name you deride,
" For the HORNS, 'tis well known, always go with the HYDE!"
This stroke put an end to the Chancellor's prating,
And he made Bull *a Bishop, to 'scape a* Bull-baiting.

THE PUNSTERS.

A LITTLE TALE.

AT a tavern, one night,
Messrs. More, Strange, and Wright,
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange:
Says More, " Of us three,
" The whole town will agree,
" There is only one knave, and that's Strange."
" Yes," says Strange (rather sore)
" I'm sure there's one More,
" A most terrible knave and a bite,
" Who cheated his mother,
" His sister and brother,"—
" O yes," reply'd More, " that is Wright."

THE CARELESS COUPLE.

JENNY is poor, and I am poor,
Yet we will wed—so say no more;
And should the bairns you mention come,
As few that marry but have some,
No doubt but Heav'n will stand our friend,
And *bread*, as well as *children* send.
So fares the hen, in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've known her weary every claw
In search of corn amongst the straw;
But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks amongst her chirping brood;
With joy I've seen that self same hen
That scratch'd for *one*, could scratch for *ten*.
These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my *girl* without a shilling;
And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,
JENNY's resolv'd to marry me!

JESUITICAL EXCULPATION.

AN EPIGRAM.

OLD Mumpsimus, rector of Mary-le-bonne,
Being brought to Death's door by the gravel and stone;
Young Sumpsimus, seeking preferment to gain,
(Tho' the Doctor and he were good friends in the main,)
Apply'd for the pars'nage, in case and provided
A trip to the grave the incumbent betided:

When lo! as by miracle rais'd from the dead,
The Rector, restor'd, sprung from sickness's bed;
And Old Mumps being told what young Sumps had been doing,
And how for the loaves and the fish had been suing;
Burst out in reproaches, till near out of breath,
And revil'd the false friend who had long'd for his death.
"I long for your death! No such thing," says Young Sumps,
"Had you died, not your wife had been more in the dumps:
"As 'tis well known that I—tho' you're so unforgiving,
"Instead of your DEATH—only long'd for your LIVING."

LINES

Pasted up in the Window of a YOUNG HAIR-DRESSER, *just begun Business, at* Hinckley, *in* Leicestershire.

CRAMP, the barber, lives here: step in if you please,
Though my shop is but small, in my chair you'll find ease;
Here am I that shall shave you, if shaving's your wish,
With my cloth, my sharp blade, and hot suds in my dish;

If so thick are your locks, or so thin that you hate 'em,
Here's my scissars for those, and for these my pomatum;
If you wish to be clean, and you're cheeks smooth and nice,
Pay your penny—the job shall be done in a trice;
If in whipping your beard off, I give you much pain,
Why take back your cash—but if not, come again.
You'll find me neat and expert in the dressing of hair,
For my business I learnt with Mr. Adkins, late Mayor
Of this town. Now, Gent's, I humbly your favours do crave,
And I'll endeavour to please you while on this side the grave.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG.

WRITTEN BY G. S. CAREY.

ON a green slope, beneath an hawthorn's shade,
Poor Will, the shepherd, carelessly was laid;
His nibbling flocks were busied all around,
Some on the high, and some the low-land ground;
The faithful Trusty watching near his side,
In which his master took a world of pride;
And now the swain uplifts his pensive eyes
Surveying round the clear expanded skies,
Beheld the sun with mid-day lustre shine,
From which he learnt it was his hour to dine;
His humble viands from his scrip he took,
And from his pouch a tatter'd pious book,

From which some grateful oraison he read,
'Ere he partook his scanty share of bread,
For small is now, alas! each poor man's lot,
And meager hunger stares from out each cot;
Yet whatsoe'er might prove the shepherd's fare,
He scorn'd to stint his Trusty in his share,
But, while he eats, his usual portion gives,
Which his poor slave right thankfully receives,
Wags his frank tail, and fondles at his feet
For crumbs of bread—for he had seldom meat.
Now while he hous'fs out his humble meal,
Trying how much to Trusty he can deal,
Pats his lean sides with many a tender stroke,
Then straight as tenderly to him he spoke:
" Thou little knowest, poor Trusty, of thy state;
" Thou little know'st what miseries await
" On thee, I fear, and all thy wretched kind,
" Plann'd and contriv'd within some human mind:
" As with Fidelity they were at strife,
" A price is set upon thy harmless life.
" Faithful to me thou'st been, and to my fold,
" In burning summers, and in winters cold;
" In early morning, or in evening late;
" In darksome nights, a guardian to my gate;
" In roads of peril hast thou been my guide,
" Thro' wayward paths, o'er dreary heaths, and wide;
" And when we've ceas'd the wearying hills to roam,
" Thou'st cheer'd my heart, with little tricks at home.
" Must I resign thee!—that shall never be,
" Or tamely part with such sincerity?

" No—while these hands possess the pow'r to toil,
" Or while these lands yield nurture from the soil,
" Thou shalt partake while here on earth I live,
" Then beg to *die*, when I've *no more to give*."

ON A BEE

Having stung the THIGH *of an* OLD MAID.

ON the annals of fame with Columbus you stand,
Who sought the American shore;
Advent'rous, like him, you explore a new land,
Where none ever travell'd before.

MONSIEUR KANIFERSTANE.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, a little French Marquis
For travel felt a mighty inclination:
To shew himself and foreign parts to see,
He undertook a bold peregrination.
At Dieppe, he found a sloop just under weigh,
By Dutchmen mann'd, and bound for Amsterdam;
Wind and tide serving, off he sail'd away,
And, soon sea-sick, beyond finesse or sham,
Close in the cabin he preferr'd to nestle,
There, faint and languid, for a space he doz'd;
Till, from the increas'd commotion in the vessel,
That land might be in sight he well suppos'd;
So to the deck he climb'd with empty maw,
And, sure enough, Dutch Terra Firma saw.

While in the cabin sick and sad he lay,
Tho' a true Frenchman, he ne'er dreamt of talking;
But, when on deck, his spirits grew more gay,
And his blood 'gan to circulate with walking,
He recollected that he had a tongue.
Now, tho' a Frenchman French with ease can jabber,
And, doubtless, thinks all other ears are hung
Like those he left at home, yet a Dutch swabber
Is apt enough no other speech so know
Than that which first he learn'd from MOTHER FROW.

Such was the case of all the trunk-hos'd crew.
The marquis, struck with wonder and delight,
Enraptur'd gaz'd on objects all so new;
At length a sumptuous palace caught his sight,
Which, proudly rising from the water's side,
Shew'd its new-painted front with flow'rets gay:
While trim responsive gardens spreading wide,
Display'd Dutch taste in regular array.
Anxious to know who own'd the pleasing scene,
The marquis, bowing with a grinning face,
Demanded of a tar, in French, I ween,
"To whom belong'd that most enchanting place?"
The tar, who knew as much of French as Greek,
Ey'd him at first with something like disdain;
Then, as he shifted round his quid to speak,
With growling voice, cry'd, "IK KAN NIET VERSTAAN."*

* This means, "*I do not understand you.*"

"Oh! oh!" replied the marquis, "does it so?
"To Monsieur KANIFERSTANE! lucky man!
"The palace, to be sure, lies rather low;
"But, then, the size and grandeur of the plan!
"I never saw a chateau on the Seine,
"Equal to this of Monsieur KANIFERSTANE."

While he thus spoke, the sailors anchor cast,
As the marquis descended on the quay,
He saw a charming frow that chanc'd to pass,
In liveliest bloom of youth and beauty gay,
Bedeck'd with all the Amsterdam parade
Of gold and silver, pearls and jewels rare;
On the marquis she much impression made;
His tender breast soon own'd a pleasing flame;
Stopping a passenger, he, bowing said,
"Monsieur, pray tell me who's that lovely dame?"
The civil Dutchman bow'd to him again,
And gently answer'd, "IK KAN NIET VERSTAAN."

"What!" Monsieur KANIFERSTANE's wife!"
the marquis cry'd,
"He who has got yon gay and sumptuous house!
"Well! that some men have luck can't be deny'd;
"What! such an edifice, and such a spouse!
"Ma foi! I think I never should complain,
"Had I the lot of Monsieur KANIFERSTANE."

As, on the morrow, through the streets he pass'd,
Gazing on all the pretty sights about,
On a large open hall his sight he cast,
Where bustling crowds were going in and out.

Joining the throng, he entrance soon obtain'd,
And found the people much engag'd to see
The numbers which the blanks and prizes gain'd
In their high mightinesses' lottery.
Some laugh'd, some wept, some groan'd, and some exclaim'd,
In all the spirit of true castle-builders,
When, on a sudden, a loud voice proclaim'd
The sov'reign prize of twenty thousand guilders!
"And who," the marquis cry'd, to one close by,
"Who has the luck this mighty prize to gain?"
The man survey'd him with a doubtful eye,
And slowly answer'd, "IK KAN NIET VERSTAAN."
"What!" Monsieur KANIFERSTANE got the prize!"
The marquis cry'd, "he's lucky on my life;
"He who has got a house of such a size,
"And such a garden, too, and such a wife!
"Diable! you may very well be vain,
"With all these treasures, Monsieur KANIFERSTANE!"

A week or two elaps'd, when, as he stray'd,
On novelty intent, he chanc'd to meet,
Adorn'd with solemn pomp and grave parade,
A sumptuous burial coming up the street.
"Monsieur," said he, as bowing to a baker,
Who left his shop the pageantry to see,
And just had nodded to the undertaker,
"Pray, Monsieur, whose grand burial may this be?"
The baker, as he turn'd to shop again,
Reply'd most gravely, "IK KAN NIET VERSTAAN."

" Mon Dieu!" exclaim'd the marquis, " what a pity!
" Monsieur KANIFERSTANE! what surprize!
" He had the noblest palace in this city!
" And such a wife! and such a glorious prize!
" Alack! alack! good fortune smiles in vain;
" So rest in peace, good Monsieur KANIFERSTANE!"

COLIN AND PHŒBE'S CUCKOO.

A New Song.

IN the fields, when to Phœbe, one sweet summer's day,
I was making of love, and she making of hay,
On a sudden she lean'd on her prong, and cry'd,
" Pray
" Hark, [illegible]—don't you hear? there's the cucko[illegible]

Then my shoulder she tapp'd, and cry'd, " Colin, I fear,
" No cuckoo this season before struck your ear;
" So, if pennyless now, you'll be poor thro' the year;
" Dear heart how unlucky a cuckoo!"

With a clasp then so close that she could not withstand,
Cry'd I, " 'Tis in vain that my fortune, you've scann'd,
" For if empty in purse, I've an *angel* in hand;
" So I think I'm a match for the cuckoo!"

Then her head hanging down with sweet modesty's grace,
Like an angel to bless me, she nam'd time and place;
And she tells me, she now never looks in my face,
But it puts her in mind of a cuckoo.

This poor little bird, they'd persuade me, bode horns;
But to prove love, if blind, blinder prejudice scorns,
An old piece of Dutch clock-work our chimney adorns,
And we all the year round hear the cuckoo.

THE RIDER AND SAND-BOY.

A TALE.

TO give the last polish to youth, 'tis agreed
That *travel* doth all formal precepts exceed:
It adds ease and freedom to classic glean'd knowledge,
Rubs off the school rust, and the stiffness of college;
As proof of this system, what men are so *easy*
As those who for *orders* so fluently teaze ye;
Who ride round the country, and shew far and near,
Their Manchester patterns, or Birmingham ware?

One day after dinner, as some of these wags
Were cracking their filberts and praising their nags,

A poor shoeless urchin, half starv'd, and sun-
tann'd,
Pass'd near th' inn-window, crying—"Buy my
fine sand!"
When SADDLE-BAG SAMMY—long fam'd for his
fun,
To banter the dust-cover'd squaller begun,
"What dost cry there, my lad?" "Why sand,
sir." "And prithee
"Hast got a large stock? I see none of it with
thee."
"Oh—I leaves sand and Neddy about the town's
borders,
"And am just going round, sir, to look out for
orders."

IMPROMPTU,

On hearing the young and beautiful Mrs. SECOND *sing at the Musical Festival, in Birmingham, for the benefit of the General Hospital there, before the most numerous and brilliant audiences that ever honoured any part of the kingdom, out of the metropolis, on such an occasion.*

WHEN the great Cognoscenti, full ripe from the
schools.
Like ARISTARCH, flush'd with dogmatical rules;
Fame's weathercock veering, found ways how to
fix it,
And managed the vane with a mere *Ipse Dixit*;
They of MARA pronounc'd, and dispute it who
durst,
That, of all vocal prodigies, SHE was the FIRST!

But, as flowers in autumn will fade and decay,
And leaves shrink and dry till they drop from the spray;
So the vet'ran in fame, past heyday and prime,
Must, like Time-beating Stephen, be beaten by Time,
And though not convinc'd, while with thousands imburs'd,
That "The first may be last, and the last may be first;"
Yet, if Fate seconds Fortune, that doughty old dame,
The next idol to rear on the topstone of Fame;
Who with thrilling sensations enraptures the throng,
While the Loves and the Graces add charms to her song;
Though MARA, 'mong warblers, the First is now reckon'd,
Not remote is the day when the FIRST will be SECOND!

THE IRISH INVALID.

AS Patrick O'Kelly was taking the air,
To recruit his ill health, and to chace away care,
He was met by a woman, old, wretched, and thin,
And to move his compassion she thus did begin:
"Kind Sir! give me alms, for I perish with want,"
"I've plenty," said he, "and by Jasus you shan't."
And thus she continu'd, "I knew you'd relieve me,
"And now I will speak, for I'm sure you'll believe me:
"Good Sir! you must know me, for I was your nurse."
He started with horror, and put up his purse.

" I know thee too well, now I look at thy features,
" I know thee too well, O! thou basest of creatures;
" And sooner, by far, than I'd give thee a groat,
" Thou wretch! I'd destroy thee, and cut my own throat;
" For I was a healthy, stout child, as you'd see,
" Just such as *I now* most assur'dly should be,
" If thou, sinful hag—to my parents unknown—
" Had'st not wickedly *chang'd me for one of thy own.*"

TIPPLING TOM THE TAPSTER.

AN EPIGRAM.

TO ease his heart of sorrow's load,
And *lighten* all his cares;
Poor Tom took off the Tipler's road,
Adown the cellar stairs.

Where from the butt's exhil'rant store,
His gloomy brow got brighten'd;
And e're nine months were past and o'er,
Both of their load were *lighten'd.*

When lo! all on a summer's day,
Just after thundery weather;
Tom and his master took their way,
T' examine stock together.

For mild and stale, the landlord fear'd,
Had had the wayward luck,
Amid the clatt'ring peals he'd heard,
To get all thunderstruck!

So Tom was sent in inner vault,
Where stood two fav'rite taps;
Which Fleece well hop'd was free from fault,
And sav'd from all mishaps.

And while he broach'd each outer butt,
All fearful, sad, and sober;
Lest clouds, in late combustion put,
Had spoil'd his dear October.

Sly Tom rush'd out, with looks aghast,
And, to the landlord's cost,
Rapp'd out an oath, "'Twixt peril and blast,
"Your fav'rite store is lost.

"For one," says Tom, "event most dread,
"Most awful, and most fright'ning;
"One cask is struck, with thunder, dead,
"And one dry'd up with light'ning."

EPIGRAM.

Mutatis mutandis.

A BARBER, in a borough town, it seems,
Had voted for *Sir John* against *Sir James*,
Sir James, in angry mood, took Suds aside;
"Don't you remember shaving me?" he cry'd—
"Five pieces for five minutes work I gave;
"And does not one good turn another crave?"
"Yea," quoth the barber, and his fingers smack'd,
"I grant the doctrine, and admit the fact:
"*Sir John*, on the same score, paid the same price;
"But took two shavings—and of course *paid twice*."

AN EPITAPH.

BENEATH this turf a female lies,
That once the boast of fame was;
Have patience, reader, if you're wise,
You'll then know—what her name was.

In days of youth (be censure blind)
To men she wou'd be creeping;
When, 'mongst the many, one prov'd kind,
And took her into—keeping.

Then to the stage * she bent her way,
Where more applauded none was;
She gain'd new lovers every day,
But constant still to—one was.

By players, poets, peers address'd,
Nor bribe, nor flatt'ry mov'd her:
And tho' by all the men caress'd,
Yet, all the—women lov'd her.

---

* A little spaniel bitch strayed into the Theatre in Drury Lane, and fixed upon Mr. Beard as her master and protector, was constantly at his heels, and attended him on the stage in the character of Hawthorn. She died much lamented, not only by her master, who was a member of the Beef Steak Club, but by all the other members; at one of their meetings, as many as chose it, were requested to furnish at the next meeting an epitaph. Among divers, preference was given to the above, from the pen of the late worthy John Walton, to whom the Club were obliged for the well-known ballad of "Ned and Nell," and some beautiful songs.

Some kind remembrance then bestow,
Upon the peaceful sleeper!
Her name was PHILLIS, you must know,
One HAWTHORN was her keeper.

PATIENCE.

A Tale.

'TWAS at some country place, a parson preaching,
The virtue of long sufferance was teaching;
And so pathetically did exhort
His list'ning congregation, and in short
Discoursed so much of Job, and how he bore
With such exceeding pleasantry his woes,
Faith 'twas enough to make a man suppose
Job wished for more.

Meaning, perhaps, that since 'tis plain,
How needlessly we grieve at pain;
How would it be if man
Pursued a different plan,
And were to laugh and treat the matter lightly;
And not when tortur'd with the gout,
To make wry faces, roar and shout,
But look agreeable, and sprightly.

"And pray, d'ye think, my dearest life,"
Exclaim'd the parson's wife,
As after church they sat,
In courteous chat,
"That 'tis in human nature to endure
"The sad extremity of woe,
"That Job, you say, did undergo;
"'Tis more than you or I could do, I'm sure."

" My dear," quoth he, " this diffidence,
" Shews, let me tell you, " great good sense,
" A talent in your sex we seldom see;
" And doubtless the remark is true,
" As far as it extends to you,
" Tho' not, I think, to me.

" No woman, since the world began,
" Cou'd bear misfortune like a *man*—
" And in good truth, 'twixt you and me,
" And that without much vanity,
" I do conceive that I myself have shewn
" That patience and that strength of mind
" Were not entirely confin'd
" To Job alone."

Thus said the modest priest, and would have said
much more,
But for the sudden opening of the door,
When out of breath, in stumps
His clownish servant " Numps,"
His mouth wide open, on the parson gazing—
Just like the wight,
Who drew old Priam's curtains in the night,
To tell him Troy was blazing.

" Well, Numps, the matter? speak! why look'st
so pale!
" Has any thing gone wrong?" Quoth Numps,
" The ale."
" What," cries the priest, " the ale gone sour?"
(And then his phiz began to lower);

"Turn'd sour? No measter, no," replied the fellow;
"But just now, as I went, d'ye see,
"To tilt the cask—away rolled he,
"And all the liquor's spilt about the cellar."

The fact was, Numps a cask of ale had stav'd:
Now prythee tell me, how the Priest behav'd?
Did he pull off his wig, or tear his hair?
Or like that silly fellow Job,
Throw ashes on his head, or rend his robe?
Say, how did he this dire misfortune bear?
And thus, in voice of pious resignation,
He to this man address'd this *mild* oration:

"May God confound thee, thou d—n'd stupid bear;"
(The best of Priests, you know, will sometimes swear)
"What, you must meddle, must you
"With the barrel, and be curst t'ye?
"I wish thy paws were in the fire—Odd rot'm—
"Get thee down stairs this instant, wretch,
"Or by the living G—d, I'll kick thy breech
"From top to bottom."

"Nay, now, my dearest," cried the Dame,
"Is this your patience?—Fie for shame!
"I beg you'll recollect your text,
"Job was not half so vext
"When he'd his sons and daughters to bewail."
"D—n all his sons and daughters if you choose,
"Answer me this, I say—Did Job e'er lose
A barrel of such ale?"

THE DOUBLE MISTAKE.

An Epigrammatic Tale.

IT chanc'd one day, as through the street
I trudg'd—in hopes some friend to meet,
Dispos'd to kill an hour,
In social chat, o'er pipe and glass,
And laugh at all the humdrum class,
Whom cynic precepts sour:

And make a jest of trifling things,
Which rouse the gall of Lords and Kings,
But never yet stirr'd mine:
And interchange a sportive thought,
From fancy's storehouse, promptly fraught
As wit gives zest to wine:

Before me push'd, in thrifty pace,
One, whom I thought the self-same chace,
Had led in quest of ME;
His shape, his dress, his gait the same,
As honest —— you'll excuse his name,
But I'd have sworn 'twas HE.

But when, on shoulder, I my hand
Clapp'd hard, to bring him to a stand,
With—"How now, honest Ned!"
He turn'd and frown'd, and silence broke,
His cheek all pallid while he spoke,
And mine suffus'd with red!

"What means this freedom, Sir?"—"Gad so!
"Your pardon Sir," says I——"I trow,
"We're all to error prone;
"My blind mistake with favour scan,
"I took you for another man,
I've been to blame, I own."

" Sir," says the wight with gallows brow,
And such a cut-throat face, I vow
As made me almost quake;
" I am not him you took me for,
" So take more care in future.——Or,
" Beware your next mistake."

" I thank you, Sir, but faith," says I,
" I took your Worship, by the bye,
" Before I saw your phiz,
" For a good honest hearty cock,
" Whose looks would no beholder shock,
" For such HIS aspect is."

" His aspect, Sir! And why not MINE?"
" Dear Sir," says I, " Pray don't opine,
" That I am over nice;
" But if, —— as one mistake I've own'd,
" An honest man, in YOU, I've found,
" I've been mistaken twice!"

THE SIMPLE TRUTH MOST SIMPLY TOLD.

AN EPIGRAM.

HONEST Teague, when return'd from a trip to the North,
For to Lapland 'twas said he had been;
Was questioned—" If during his cold wintry birth,
" Whether any Rein Deer he had seen?"

When says he, " By my sowle, as the truth I regard,
" I was station'd there almost a year;
" And sometimes, in the summer, it rain'd very hard,
" But I never once saw it rain Deer!"

LINES

Copied from a Board over the Door of JOHN GROVE, *of* White Waltham, Berks.

JOHN Grove, Grocer, and Dealer in Coffee and Tea,
Sells the finest of Congou's and best of Bohea;
A Dealer in Coppice, a Meas'rer of Land,
Sells the finest of Snuffs, and the finest White Sand.
A Singer of Psalms, and a Scriv'ner of Money;
Collects the Land-Tax, and sells fine Virgin's Honey.
A Ragman, a Carrier, a Baker of Bread,
And a Clerk to the Living, as well as the Dead:
Vestry Clerk, Petty Constable; sells Scissars and Knives,
Best Virginia, and Buckles, collects the Small Tythes;
Is a Treas'rer to Clubs, and Maker of Wills;
He surveys Men's Estates, and vends Anderson's Pills.
Woollen-draper, and Hosier; sells all sorts of Shoes;
With the best Earthen Ware, also takes in the News.
Deals in Hurdles and Eggs; sells the best of Small Beer,
The finest Sea Coals, and's elected O'erseer,
Deputy Surveyor; sells fine Writing Paper;
Has a Vote for the County—and Linen-Draper.
A Dealer in Cheese, and the best Hampshire Bacon,
Plays the Fiddle divinely, if I'm not mistaken.

THE
WAY TO RULE A VILLAGE.

THAT village is perfectly under command,
When the *Justice* and *Rector* will go hand in hand;
Their power o'er the *peasant* can ne'er be shut out,
When jointly these two toss the tankard about.

But when it shall happen the two disagree,
Ill nature retorts, and returns you may see;
The peasants, alarm'd, will begin to take sides,
The plague becomes pow'rful—the village divides.

Then take this advice—you no farther need seek,
Let the 'Squire and the Parson get drunk once a week:
When into their breast they've transported the barrel,
Let the Priest and the Magistrate then shun a quarrel.

A Rector of Pride, and a Justice of Peace,
With sentiments high—they could ne'er coalesce,
Met point-blank together, one day on the road,
Though the ground each detested the other had trod.

"So, Sir," says the Justice, "you ride a fine horse,
"Won't follow your Master, who rode something worse;
"For he, though divine, on a Jack Ass we view,
"Methinks the same animal might have serv'd you"

" I own," says the Parson, " your judgment is good,
" Like our Saviour, I'd ride on an Ass, if I cou'd:
" But none I can purchase—so riding must cease,
" Because ev'ry Ass is a Justice of Peace."

THE HIBERNIAN BLUNDER.

A Tale.

IN the last English Lottery poor Pat bought a share,
With the money he'd sav'd of his wages last year.
Home he hied with his ticket to Suke who could read,
To know the contents, and how to proceed.
He found " of such beneficial chance he'd have share,
" As there should be drawn," but Sukey stopp'd here.
'Twas not lack of learning, but only for fun,
She gave him his ticket, and thought it was done.
Ah! hard-hearted maid, thus a lover to teaze,
For he thought he would get share of what chance he pleased.
A little time after with pleasure he found,
That a prize had come up, a sweet ten thousand pound!
" By Jasus," says he, " but to have share of this,
" Is a thing which I think will be not much amiss."
To the office he goes, and demanded his share!
" Here, look at my paper, you'll see its all fair."

The clerk he examin'd, "Why, Sir, to be frank,
"Your number's undoubtedly come up a blank!"
"A blank!" replied Teague, "why what mean you by that?
"I've come for my share by the shoul of St. Pat;
"I'll have it, or ere I go out of your door,
"And why wont I, you swindling son of a w—e?"
The clerk then explain'd it, but Pat would not hear,
He threaten'd to quod him! this put Pat in fear.
At last he walk'd off in a terrible storm,
Swore the English would promise, but never perform.

THE AUCTIONEER.

A PERIOD, pass'd over, I'll bring back to view,
When the Sons of the *Hammer* were wont to tell true,
Then the Buyer saw timber and ground, brick and stone,
Not with Auctioneer's eyes—but he saw with his own.

Now assembled all ranks, from the Knight to the Clown,
To see an estate, of some value, knock'd down:
All attentive, while round the great table are seated,
Are able to *pay*, yet submit to be *treated!*

"But five thousand pounds! Gemmen, what are you doing?
"Five thousand one hundred—a-going, a-going!
"The land are most fertile, the buildings are good,
"The premises grac'd with a fine *Hanging Wood*."

"Where about, Sir, this beautiful wood can I see?
"I've examin'd the whole, yet can scarce find a tree."

"What! been over the premises, yet not descry'd it.
"If you'd had half an eye, Sir, you must have espy'd it;
"Pass close to the orchard, and over the fallows,
"Then turn to the left, and you'll come to the *Gallows*."

THE

BUCKLE-MAKER AND THE MODERN BEAU.

A Poetical Story.

JACK CHAPE, who of Birmingham once was the boast,
And so well could his implements handle,
That Mulciber never could more rule the roast,
Nor a cyclops to him hold a candle;

One day, with arms folded, sat listlessly down,
Trade and tools both alike at a stand,
And while shrugging his shoulders, and scratching his crown,
He perceiv'd a pert coxcomb at hand;

Who, disclaiming that manly appendage to dress,
Which once every instep adorn'd,
In shoes, deck'd with ribbands, to manhood's disgrace,
Flash'd a foot which at decency spurn'd:

As on that very spot, where his forefathers toil
Reap'd the plumage which feather'd his nest,
Forge and file to support did his feelings recoil,
An unnatural monster confest!

While he, who the buckle's gay fashion had form'd,
In pattern, in size, and in shape,
And so oft' with improvements its wearers had charm'd,
That no artist could cope with Jack Chape—

Cast a look that spoke volumes of silent reproach,
At the long-quarter'd hoofs of the fop,
'Till as nearer the knot-knitter made his approach,
With a voice rough and stern, he cry'd "Stop!"

"Stop! for what?" cry'd the thing, for a thing 'twas, I ween,
Whose gender 'twas doubtful to hit on;
As his sex, male and female seem'd half way between,
The hermaphrodite shade of a Briton!

"Stop! for what?" he squeak'd out—"Why, I'll tell you," quoth Jack,
"Tit for tat is fair play, you'll agree,
"Therefore I have aright to stop you, for alack!
"You have long made a point to *stop* ME.

"My labours you've stopt, put a stop to my bread,
"Stopt support from my children and wife,
"Stopt the means that preserve my house over my head,
"And would fain put a stop to my life!

" If you doubt what I say, on your pasterns look down,
" And the loose flaunting shoe-string survey;
" Then to stop the distress of a half-starving town,
" Let your tribe spurn the spoiler away!

" A spoiler which long has laid waste the fair field,
" Where your ancestors flourish'd for years,
" Nor to Birmingham's griefs let your bosom be steel'd,
" While Coventry laughs at her tears!

" Else to Coventry hie, thither take your abode,
" Where such Gothamite gew-gaws are rife;
" And be he who your progress impedes on the road
" Sent to Coventry with you for life!

" 'Tis the mark of the beast! 'tis the fribble's foul brand,
" Who deserves to be badg'd with a string;
" And for those who such badges would spread through the land,
" Heaven grant they may have their FULL SWING!"

But in vain did poor Jack, with a TONGUE *sharp and rough,*
Thus his plea for the BUCKLE *pursue;*
As there wanted a STRAP *on the blockhead's sleek buff,*
His SHOE-STRAPS *to make* BUCKLE-TO!

THE LADLE.

A Song.

Tune—"*The Black Joke.*"

Paraphrased from Prior.

OLD sceptics affirm that we're left to ourselves,
To shuffle and cut like a race of blind elves,
The play-things of fate, and the sports of the wind;
To stand or to walk, or to rise or to fall,
As chance spins about our whirligig ball;
Ever tossing, tumbling, rolling, rumbling,
Shifting, turning, frolicking, mourning,
As passion prevails, or as interest binds.

But the folks of this age, who can see with both eyes,
Such tenets explode, and such notions despise,
Calling gods overseers of the rich and the poor:
This thesis to prove, Jove and Hermes one night,
From the realms of Olympus resolv'd to take flight;
And darting, skimming, through the air swimming,
At last alighted, O, but how plighted?
Why wet to the skin at a cottager's door.

This honest old peasant, he had an old wife,
The joy of his heart and the prop of his life,

And she heard a wonderful noise at the gate;
" Why, Derby," says Joan, " since we first threw
the stocking,
" I'm sure that I never knew half so much knock-
ing;
" For they're whooping, calling, hollowing, bawl-
ing,
" Thumping, clattering, bouncing, battering,
" What can their business be here, and so late?"

Jove heard the debate, and their fears to allay,
Loud cried, " We are strangers, and out of our
way,
" And shelter we beg from the wet and the cold."
This touch'd their old hearts, and they rose up to-
gether,
Saying, " Lord, who could shut out a dog in such
weather,
" For 'tis freezing, snowing, blust'ring, blowing,
" Blighting, mizzling, sleeting, drizzling,
" And who can tell where shese poor wretches
have stroll'd."

No sooner their godships were got within doors,
But Derby he rummag'd his cheer-upping stores,
And gave them the best his poor cot could afford;
They drank, and they chatted, till cloth was on
table,
Then quickly fell to, and eat while they were able;
And some time after liquor and laughter,
Chattering, joking, singing, and smoking,
They both went to bed, each as drunk as a lord.

When blushing Aurora her gates had unbarr'd,
Jove sent the old couple by Hermes a card,
Acquainting them who they'd got under their roof;
And, for courtesies done, if they'd form wishes three,
Those wishes fulfill'd in an instant should be,
Were it wisdom, or health, or power or wealth,
Or this thing, or that, it was no matter what,
They were ready to put their proposals in proof.

"Your godships be prais'd," says old Joan, "'tis my wish,
"To have a new Ladle to yon silver dish."
"Odd rot it!" says Derby, "why Joan you're stark mad!
"Concerns of importance you turn to a farce,
"I wish that the ladle was stuck in your ——,
"You drivelling, doating, tottering, gloating,
"Mumbling, grumbling, fidgeting, fumbling,
"Fusty old fool, you deserve it, by Gad."

The Ladle appear'd, and don't think it a hum,
It quickly whipp'd into the old woman's b——,
Which made her writhe, wriggle, and grunt with the pain.
Old Derby perceiving his yoke-fellow's plight,
Was almost as bad as herself with the fright,
And, two wishes losing, there was no choosing
What one the third should be, as the last of the three,
Went but to wish out the Ladle again.

Then let us conclude with the moral from Prior,
That none are so high but they wish to be higher,
Still aiming at something as yet unpossess'd;
And yet, if that something they could but obtain,
'Tis odds but 'twould bring 'em less pleasure than pain;
For, from the cradle, 'tis all a Ladle!
And e'en to the coffin we all move off in,
Life is but a wish, and that wish is a jest!

EPIGRAM.

"I'LL hold thee a crown," quoth Dick to Ned
"You often wrong your neighbour's bed"
"And I," quoth Ned, "will hold my life,
"You always had a tell-tale wife!"

EPIGRAM.

DOCTOR LEE, who at punning all punsters defied,
When his friend, Doctor EGG, to the distaff was tied,
By a dame, who for years his addresses had spurn'd,
While for Bachelor WHITE she with ardency burn'd;
"The good lady," quoth he, "hath much suit undergone,
"And to take up with EGG, has for years been egg'd on;
"But tis my firm belief, if the truth may be spoke,
"She's too fond of the WHITE to be pleas'd with the YOKE."

LODGINGS

FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face:
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.
Derry down.

WILL WADDLE, whose temper was studious, and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a ton;
Or like two Single Gentlemen roll'd into One.

He entered his rooms; and to bed he retreated,
But, all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same;—and the next;—and the next;
He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous, and vex'd;
Week pass'd after week; 'till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him;

He sent for a Doctor; and cried, like a ninny,
" I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The Doctor look'd wise:—" A slow fever," he said:
Prescrib'd sudorifics—and going to bed.
" Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, " are humbugs!
" I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs."

Will kick'd out the Doctor—but when ill indeed,
E'n dismissing the Doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host—he said—" Sir, do you know,
" I am the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago?

" Look 'e landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
" That with honest intentions you first TOOK ME IN;
" But from the first night—and to say it I am bold—
" I have been so damn'd hot, that I am sure I caught cold."

Quoth the Landlord—" 'Till now, I ne'er had a dispute;
" I've let lodgings ten years;—I'am a Baker to boot;
" In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven,
" And your bed is immediately—over my Oven."

"The Oven!!!" says Will—says the host, "Why this passion?
"In that excellent bed died three people of fashion,
"Why so crusty, good Sir?" "Zounds!"—cries Will, in a taking,
"Who wou'dn't be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms; cried the host with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been GOING AWAY half a year;"
"Friend, we can't well agree—yet no quarrel,"—Will said;
"For one may die where another makes bread."

MIDAS'S SECOND MISTAKE.

AN EPIGRAM.

ONCE an old country squaretoes, to fopp'ry a foe,
And disgusted alike at a crop and a beau,
Being church-warden made, was in office so strict,
That there scarce was a coat but a hole in't he pict;
Infringements, encroachments, and trespasses scouting,
And from straddling the tomb-stones the boys daily routing;
At last made a justice, corruption to purge,
His worship became both a nuisance and scourge.
When a poor needy neighbour, who kept a milch ass,
Which he often turn'd into the church-yard for grass,

And with long ears and tail o'er the graves did he stray,
While perchance now and then at bystanders he'd bray.
And once when old Midas was passing along,
He set up his pipes at his brother, ding dong,
At which his puff'd pride was so stung to the quick,
That he glar'd at the browser as stern as Old Nick;
And when he got home, for the sexton he sent,
Who with his doughty threat to the ass-keeper went,
That again should his beast the church-warden assail,
Or be seen in the church-yard—he'd cut off his tail;
When the owner replied—"Sure his worship but jeers;
"But should he dock donky—I'll cut off HIS EARS."
When no sooner the answer was brought to him back,
But he summon'd before him the clown in a crack;
And he said, "Thou vile varlet, how comes it to pass,
"That thou dar'st for to threaten to crop a *just-ass?*
"Thou cut off MY EARS?—Make his mittimus, clerk;
"I'll make an example of this precious spark;
"But first reach me down the black act—he shall see
"That, the next Lent Assizes, he'll swing on a tree."

" I zwing on a tree!—and for what?" replies Hob,
" How the dickens came zuch a streange freak in your knob?
" I woanly but zaid, if my ass met your sheers,
" And YOU cut off his tail, that I'D cut off his EARS;
" Vor as YOU hate long tails as the mark of a fop,
" I'd ha' don't, 'cause I knaough that you don't like a crop."
At this subtle rejoinder, his worship, struck dumb,
Found his proud overbearing was quite overcome;
So the ass sav'd his tail by a quibble so clever,
And the justice's ears are now longer than ever.

AN IRISH BLUNDER,

WITHOUT A BULL.

COLONEL Patrick O'Blaney, as honest a teague,
As ever took snuff to repel pest or plague,
Having got a French snuff-box of *papier machee*,
Which to open requir'd much pains, do you see,
Always kept a bent sixpence at hand in his pocket,
And call'd it his key, by the which to unlock it;
As by niggling and wedging it under the lid,
He came at his rappee that was under it hid:
But one day when he wanted a pinch for a friend,
He search'd for his tester, but all to no end,
Till at last 'twixt the pocket and lining he found it;
When in rage he cried " Arrah, the devil confound it,
" I'll engage you don't serve me that same trick again,
" For to make me after thus hunting in vain;"

So opening the box by the help of the tizzy,
And feaking his nose till his noddle was dizzy,
He chuck'd in the coin, and exclaim'd with a shrug,
While tight went the rim down, "So there you lie snug;
"And my hide-and-seek friend, I beg leave to remind ye,
"That the next time I want you, I'll know where to find ye."

THE MATERNAL PREDICTION.

DOLLY Dovetail, a damsel of tear-sheet descent,
On the best use of time most devoutly was bent,
And her favours bestow'd on six lovers at least,
Who perform'd husbands' duties without help of priest!
For Doll was in keep with a wealthy Mynheer,
Who kept a great shop too of toys and Dutch geer;
But oft' stealing out when Vansplawken was busy,
Danc'd her merry-go-rounds till her head was quite dizzy;
And, what was still worse, between sport, out and in,
Her waist, late so taper, got up to her chin!
Now Dolly, perplex'd, was with shame almost wild,
Being quite at a loss where to father her child;
When Old Dorcas, her friend, ev'ry scruple o'erstepping,
Declar'd that Mynheer ought to pay for by-leaping;
As, 'twas plain as a pikestaff, the boorish old elf
Made a point to keep *all that was Doll's* to himself:

" Why, that's very true," said the wench, with a sigh,
" But young Jack in the Box will spoil all bye and bye;
" For I'm sure that his tongue will, by instinct, be such,
" That the rogue will speak English, but never talk Dutch!"

DRY HUMOUR.

A Laconic Tale.

'TWAS on a Day, but not the last,
When orders for a gen'ral Fast,
Were from the Cockpit given;
That men no more in sin might plunge,
But wipe all out by Sorrow's spunge,
And make their odds all even.

When soaking SAM, who ev'ry day,
To Sot's Hole went, to souse his clay,
There found the doors all barr'd;
For Sam the front and postern try'd,
But all in vain for entrance ply'd,
A case he thought quite hard!

And hard and harder while he knock'd,
Silence within his batt'ring mock'd,
'Till Sally op'd the sash,
And cry'd, " Pray cease your Rat Tat Tat,
" This Day we're all resolv'd, that's flat,
" To fast, and take no cash."

"Why then," says Sam, in sulky strain,
"Fast on—I'll rap no more in vain,
"Upset me if I do;
"But you're a pack of curst queer elves,
"Who not content to fast yourselves,
"Must make your doors fast too!"

ON A HAIR-DRESSER.

OLD TONSOR, who many
Had shav'd for a penny,
Cut hair, dress'd and bled for a tester,
Nor ever was wishing,
To mend his condition,
Grew rich by the death of a sister.

To his villa retir'd,
Old Tonsor was fir'd
With the thoughts of enjoying his wealth;
But soon found, to his torment,
That want of employment
Procur'd him nor comfort nor health.

The sports of the field,
No joy could they yield—
Guns, fishing-rods, horses, or dogs;
Nor reading nor writing
Did he take delight in—
'Squires, justices, parsons, or hogs.

So he took to his trade—he
Made each lass a lady,
And turn'd all their clowns into fops;
And beards became scarcer
Than before was a razor,
And pigtails as plenty as hops!

THE NEW SCHOOL FOR MANNERS.

AN EPIGRAM.

LORD Spencer, who rules at the Adm'ralty Board,
Last summer, on board the King's yacht,
With his friend, my Lord Howe, was exchanging a word,
While each on his head kept his hat.
When a tar to his messmate said, "Twig, brother Ned,
"That fresh-water fellow, so trim,
"To the Amburral talks, with the hat on his head,
"Without lifting his paw to the brim!"
"Why what of all that?" says the other, quite cool,
"Such a sight is no wonder to me;
"For how should the lubber learn manners, you fool,
"When you know he ne'er was at sea!"

THE EMPTY GUN.

AS Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
And face to face the noisy contest wage;
"Don't *cock* your chin at me," Dick smartly cries:
"Fear not—his head's not *charg'd*," a friend replies.

JOHN AND JOAN.

A Tale.

BY PETER PINDAR.

HAIL, wedded Love! the Bard thy Beauty hails!
Though mix'd, at times, with cock and hen like *sparrings:*
But *calms* are very pleasant after *gales,*
And dove-like Peace much sweeter after *warrings.*
I've written—I forget the page, indeed;
But folks may find it, if they choose to read,
"That Marriage is too *sweet* without *some sour*—
"*Variety* oft recommends a *flow'r.*

"Wedlock, should be, like *punch,* some sweet, some acid;
"Then life is nicely *turbulent* and *placid.*
"A Picture that is all in *light*—
"Lord, what a thing! a very fright!
"No, let some darkness be display'd;
"And learn to *balance* well with *shade.*"

John married Joan—they frown'd, they smil'd;
Now parted, and now made a child:
Now tepid show'rs of Love, now tepid *snows;*
Much like the seasons of the year;
Or like a brook, now thick, now clear,
Now scarce a rill, and now a torrent flows.
One day they had a desp'rate quarrel
About a little small beer barrel,
Without John's knowledge slily tapp'd by Joan;
For Joan, t'*oblige* her *old friend* Hodge,
Thought asking leave of John was fudge;
And so she wisely left the leave alone.

It happ'd that John and Joan had not *two* beds
To rest their angry, frowning brace of heads;
Ergo, there was but *one*
To rest their gentle jaws upon.

"I'll have a *board* between us," cried the *Man*—
"With all *my* spirit, John,"—replied the *Wife*:
A *board* was plac'd, according to their plan:
Thus ended this barrier at once the strife.

On the first night the husband lay
Calm as a clock, nor once wink'd over—
Calm as a clock, too, let me say,
Joan never squinted on her lover.

Two, three, four nights, the sulky Pair,
Like two still mice, devoid of care,
In philosophic silence sought repose;
On the fifth morn it chanc'd to please
John's nose to sneeze—
"God bless you, Dear!" quoth Joan at John's loud nose.

At this John gave a sudden start,
And, popping o'er the hedge his head—
"Joan, did you say it from your *heart*?"
"Yes, John, I *did*, indeed, indeed!"
"You *did*?"—"Yes, John, upon my word"—
"Zounds, Joan, then take away the *Board*!"

EPIGRAM.

AT Matlock, where cripples croud thicker and faster,
The bath-keeper once was appointed post-master;
And in time waxing rich, he to Derby repair'd,
Where a burgess he there was elected and chair'd

And soon after, amazement still more to excite,
'Twas his Majesty's pleasure to make him a knight!
Upon which an old wag, in sarcastical vein,
Said—"The KING may knight COBLERS, but this I'll maintain,
"If of well-deserv'd knighthood his knightship can boast,
"He's a Knight of the BATH, or a Knight of the POST."

TIME'S DEFEAT.

A Song.

ONE evening, *Good Humour* took *Wit* as his guest,
By *Friendship* invited to *Gratitude*'s feast;
Their liquor was Claret, and *Love* was their host,
Laugh, song, and droll sentiment, garnish'd each toast.

While *Freedom* and *Fancy* enlarg'd the design,
And dainties were furnish'd by *Love*, *Wit*, and *Wine*,
Alarm'd, they all heard, at the door a loud knock,
A watchman hoarse bawling, *'Twas past Twelve o'Clock.*

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
And up stairs they brought, the Impertinent, bound;
When dragg'd to the light, how much were they pleas'd
To see 'twas the grey-glutton *Time* they had seiz'd.

His glass as his lantern, his scythe as his pole,
And his single lock dangled adown his smooth skull;
"My friends," quoth he, panting, "I thought fit to knock,
"And bid ye be gone, for 'tis *past Twelve o' Clock.*"

"Says the *Venom'd-tooth'd Savage*, On this advice fix,
"Tho' *Nature* strikes twelve, *Folly* still points to six;"
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
So hurry'd him into a hogshead of claret.

Wit observ'd it was right, while we're yet in our prime,
There is nothing like *Claret* for killing of Time;
Love, laughing, reply'd, "I am pleas'd from my heart,
"He can't come and put us in mind we must part."

This intruder, rude *Time*, tho' a tyrant long known,
By *Love*, *Wit* and *Wine* can be only o'erthrown;
If hereafter he's wanted on any design,
He'll always be found in a hogshead of wine.

Since *Time* is confin'd to our wine, let us think
By this rule we are sure of our *Time* when we drink;
Henceforth, let our glasses with bumpers be prim'd,
We're certain our drinking must now be *well-tim'd.*

THE IMPERTINENT POET.

YOU often wonder, what the Devil
Can make the Town so damn'd uncivil;—
With what indifference they treat you!
There's not a soul that cares to meet you.
Where'er you come, what consternation!
What universal desolation!——
But for the cause—why, you must know it?
I'll tell you; you're too *great* a Poet.
And that's a thing true *Britons* fear,
More than a tyger, or a bear.
Your *Man* of *Sense*, of all God's curses,
Dreads nothing like *repeating* verses——
And really *Tom*, you're past all bearing;
You'd tire a *Dutchman* out, with hearing.
One must submit; there's no contending—
You keep one sitting; keep one standing—
Got loose, with more than decent speed
I trudge away—yet you proceed——
Go where one will, there's no retreat;
You're at it still, *repeat*, *repeat*.
I fly to *Nando*'s;—you are there,
Still thundering *Distichs* in one's ear:
Thence to the Park—yet you're as bad—
The Ladies think you drunk or mad.
But come; 'tis late; at three we dine—
You stop one with *A charming line!*
Now down we sit—but lo! repeating
Is greater joy to you than eating.
Quite tir'd, I nod, and try to dose—
In vain—you've murder'd all repose—

But prithee, *Tom*, repent in time;
You see the sad effects of rhyme,
(And check this humour if you can)
That such an honest, worthy man,
With so much sense, and such good-nature,
Shou'd be so *terrible* a creature.

SUNDAY NIGHT, IN TOWN.

WHAT I, whene'er condemn'd by Fate
To stay in Town, devoutly hate,
You deem an entertaining sight;
"To walk the streets on *Sunday night*."
The shops shut up, the taverns open,
For clerks and 'prentices to tope in.
The Strand with saunt'ring coxcombs lin'd,
And awkward folks of every kind:
(More awkward far, in all their best,
Than in their sleeves or aprons drest;
Pursuing without affectation
The duties of their occupation.)
Here taylors in their stiffen'd skirts!
There barbers deck'd with ruffled shirts!
See! grocers, chandlers, butchers, bakers,
Fair milliners, and mantua-makers,
And Monsieur in his solitaire,
All issuing forth to take the air!
See! harlots tending towards the Park;
Grave Cits returning ere 'tis dark!
Fat couples in their chaise and one
Drive homewards with the setting sun,
Delighted with their Sunday's cheer,
The Lord knows what—the Lord knows where!

" High Life below stairs " too you'll meet,
Loud-laughing in the open street;
Leaving their Ladies in the lurch;
To cards retir'd—when come from church.
The coachman, and the saucy groom;
The house-maid, regent of the broom!
The valet in his tarnish'd lace,
And cooky with her shining face,
And Sally in her Lady's gown—
" Lo! this is Sunday Night, in Town."

THE TRIO.

WIT, *Love*, and *Reputation*, walk'd
One ev'ning out of town,
They sung, they laugh'd, they toy'd, they talk'd
'Till night came darkling on.
Love wilful needs wou'd be their guide,
And smil'd at loss of day,
On her the kindred pair rely'd,
And lost with her their way.

Damp fell the dew, the wind blew cold,
All bleak the barren moor,
Across they toil'd, when *Love*, grown bold,
Knock'd loud at *Labour*'s door.
Awhile within the reed-roof'd cot,
They stood, and star'd at *Care*,
But long cou'd not endure the spot,
For *Poverty* was there.

The *Twain* propos'd next morn to part,
And travel different ways;
Quoth *Love*, "I soon shall find a Heart,"
Wit went to look for *Praise*.
But *Reputation*, sighing, spoke,
"'Tis better we agree,
"Though *Love* may laugh, and *Wit* may joke,
"Yet friends take care of me.

"Without me, *Beauty* wins no *Heart*,
"Without me *Wit* is vain;
"If headstrong here with me you part,
"We ne'er can meet again.
"Of me you both shou'd take great care,
"And shun the rambling plan,
"No calling back, my friends, I'll bear,
"So keep me while you can."

Love stopt among the village youth,
Expecting to be crown'd,
Enquiring for her brother *Truth*,
But *Truth* was never found.
She sought in vain, for *Love* was blind,
And *Hate* her guidance crost;
'Tis said, since *Truth* she cannot find,
That *Love* herself is lost.

ON A NOTED QUACK,

WHO "TRAVELS BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT."

YE solemn tribe, who write and take your fees,
Adorn'd with English or with Scotch degrees;
Who boast of licences, and idly puff
Your lectures, hospitals, and such vain stuff:

Behold a wight, of more intrinsic worth,
For public good, tho' "*gouty*," sallies forth!
"*His Uncle's pupil!*" who, for Thirty years,
Has dried the widow's and the orphan's tears;
"*Allow'd* by *all a most ingenious*" Sage;
Styl'd by himself "*the Wonder of the age!*"
The great *Shappee!* who scorns your letter'd skill,
Soft Baylis, Lucas, and thou, gentle H-ll;
Sent forth "*by Act of Parliament*"—to kill!

THE RURAL RETREAT.

SICK of the noise and smoke of Town,
Old Simon, fat and wealthy grown,
Resolv'd to seek some snug Retreat,
And buy or build a country Seat.
One day, in his perambulation,
He 'spied a tempting situation:
The house perhaps you oft' have seen,
Fast by the road on Turnham Green.
Seven windows in the front are thrust,
'Spite of the sunshine and the dust:
The road a chearful prospect yields;
The walls are blank, that face the fields.
Twice five stage-coaches, twice a day,
Here from and to the Town convey
Old gouty cronies of the City,
Who in the country wax full witty:
Whole summers days they sit and smoke,
And on poor travellers crack their joke.
Our Cit the stage conveys to Town,
And in the evening brings him down;

For Simon's heart, nor think it strange,
Still hankers after the Exchange:
And thrice a week he *must* peruse
The Chronicles and London news.
His conversation this supplies
With murders, rapes, and robberies,
The price of stocks—and bankruptcies.
Thus does our friend from day to day
Contrive to huddle life away:
And thus our Hermit still you see
As busy as a Summer's bee.
Is this, said I, your *snug Retreat?*
I'd rather live in Newgate Street:
Or if forsooth! one must be chopping,
I'd take a country-house—at Wapping.

ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF CARDS.

EXALT, my Muse, on towering wing,
The meanest of thy Bards!
Grant him in loftiest strains to sing
The sovereign power of Cards!

Cards! that enchant both young and old,
And aid blind Fortune's plan,
To realize her dreams of gold,
And shower them down on man.

Cards! that, like Death or Love, unite
Around the festive board
All ranks: Where sit in dumb delight
The beggar and the Lord.

When wintry fogs deform the year,
And Sol withdraws his ray,
What Nymph the lengthen'd night could bear,
Or live one tedious day?

But lo! the verdant carpet's spread,
The chrystal lustres shine:
Chlorinda lifts her drooping head,
Fresh joys her charms refine.

Quadrille's the word—with mystic rite
Spadille begins the charm:
The painted ranks pursue the fight,
And gloomy Spleen disarm.

More nimbly now the minutes fly;
The Winter Night's too short:
Aurora gilds the orient sky,
A witness to their sport.

Yet Prudence bids them "mark the bound
'Twixt Idleness and Play;
Nor let amusement thus confound
The business of the day.

"Nor yet too eagerly engage
Your passions in the cause;
Nor violate, with brutal rage,
Fair Virtue's decent laws.

"Nor let base Av'rice interfere
Your pleasures to controul:
Nor yet more boisterous tumults tear
The tender female soul.

" Nor be those features, where each Grace,
Each heavenly air should dwell,
Distorted to a Gorgon's face;
Or Fury's, hot from hell!

" No; rather give your girls and boys,
When good, these cheap rewards;
And let them, 'midst their childish toys,
Build houses with your Cards."

THE PEPPER-BOX AND SALT-CELLAR.

A Fable.

THE 'Squire had din'd alone one day,
And Tom was call'd to take away.
Tom clear'd the board with dextrous art:
But, willing to secure a tart,
The liquorish youth had made an halt:
And left the Pepper-box and Salt
Alone upon the marble table:
Who thus, like men, were heard to squabble.

Pepper began: " Pray, Sir," says he,
" What business have you here with me?
" Is't fit, that spices of *my* birth
" Should rank with thee, thou *scum of earth?*
" I'd have you know, Sir, I've a spirit
" Suited to my superior merit.

" Tho' now, confin'd within this castor,
" I serve a northern, Gothic master,

" Yet, born in Java's fragrant wood,
" To warm an eastern monarch's blood,
" The Sun those rich perfections gave me,
" Which tempted Dutchmen to enslave me.

" Nor are my virtues *here* unknown,
" Tho' old and wrinkled now I'm grown:
" Black as I am, the fairest maid
" Invokes my stimulating aid,
" To give her food the poignant flavour,
" And to each sauce its proper savour:
" Pasties, ragouts, and fricassees,
" Without my seasoning, fail to please:
" 'Tis I, like wit, must give a zest
" And sprightliness to every feast.

" Physicians too my use confess;
" My influence sagest matrons bless.
" When drams prove vain, and cholics teaze,
" To me they fly for certain ease:
" Nay, I fresh vigour can dispense,
" And cure ev'n age and impotence:
" And when of dulness wits complain,
" I brace the nerves, and clear the brain.

" But to the 'Squire here I appeal—
" He knows my real value well;
" Who, with one Pepper-corn content,
" Remits the vassal's annual rent.

" Hence then, Sir Brine, and keep your distance!
" Go, lend the scullion your assistance:
" For culinary uses fit,
" To salt the beef upon the spit;
" Or just to keep our meat from stinking—
" And then—a special friend to drinking."

" Your folly moves me with surprize,
(The silver tripod thus replies)
" Pray, Master Pepper, why so hot?
" First cousin to the mustard-pot!

" What boots it how our life began?
" 'Tis *breeding* makes the gentleman.
" Yet, would you search *my* pedigree,
" I rose, like Venus, from the sea:
" The Sun, whose influence you boast,
" Nurs'd me upon the British coast.

" The chymists know my rank and place,
" When Nature's principles they trace:
" And wisest moderns yield to me
" The elemental monarchy.
" By me all nature is supply'd
" With all her beauty, all her pride:
" In vegetation I ascend;
" To animals their vigour lend:
" Corruption's foe, I life preserve;
" And stimulate each slacken'd nerve.
" I give jonquils their high perfume;
" The peach its flavour, rose its bloom:
" Nay, I'm the cause, when rightly trac'd,
" Of Pepper's aromatic taste.

" Such claims you teach me to produce—
" But, need I plead my obvious use,
" In seasoning all terrestrial food,
" When Heav'n declares, that Salt is good?

" Grant then some few *thy* virtues find,
" Yet Salt gives health to all mankind.

" Physicians, sure, will side with me,
" When cooks alone shall plead for thee.
" In short, with all thine airs about thee,
" The world were happier far without thee."

The 'Squire, who all this time sate mute,
Now put an end to the dispute.
He rung the bell—bid Tom convey
The floughty disputants away.

The Salt, refresh'd and shaken up,
At night did with his master sup.
The Pepper, Tom assign'd his lot
With Vinegar and Mustard-pot.
A fop, with *bites* and *sharpers* join'd,
And to the side-board well confin'd.

MORAL.

Thus real genius is respected;
Conceit and folly thus neglected.
And, O my Shenstone! let the vain,
With misbecoming pride, explain
Their splendor, influence, wealth, or birth;
'Tis virtue makes the man of worth.

EPITAPH

On the late Mr. TETHERINGTON, *so well known to all the sporting Men on the Turf.*

THE *ups* and *downs* of life he knew,
Yet always full of whim,
Upon the turf he wealthy grew,
But now the turf 's on *him*.

ANSWER TO THE TRIPLE-PLEA,

A common satyrical Print, on the Lawyers, Physicians, and Divines.

WRITTEN AT AN INN.——IMPROMPTU.

COULD all men live on herbs and roots,
And, naked, range the woods like brutes;
Were all men savages or sages,
They'd save their cloaths and servants' wages.
Then taylors, coblers, brewers, bakers,
And barbers, builders, undertakers,
Parsons, *doctors*, *lawyers*, kings,
And all our *trades*, were useless things.
But, since the contrary is true,
And most men live like me and you,
Of all mankind since the condition
Quite contradicts our supposition;
Thy argument, like gun o'erloaded,
Recoils, and proves what thou'st exploded.
And you who now, in smart expressions,
Thus ridicule the three professions,
Must fee the doctor, pay the parson;
Nay, help, perhaps, the lawyer's farce on;
Or lose your right, be sick, and die
Unpitied, and unburied lie;
Free from the dreaded inquisition,
Of lawyer, parson, and physician.

A SURVEY OF WESTMINSTER-HALL

ON THE FIRST DAY OF TERM.

AS holes where thieves have lurk'd all day
Vomit at night, *upon the lay*,
Their darkness-loving race;
So now each inn about the town
Lets out its tribes with wig and gown—
To haunt this Gothic place.

What lengths of sable sweep along!
What groves of curls—and what a throng
Of little dangling tails!
It is no wonder such a sight
Should oft put Justice in a fright—
And make her drop her scales.

'Tis said, from Paradise when hurl'd,
That Satan visited this world;
And, to begin our woes,
He sow'd a hellish seed call'd strife,
Which vegetated into life—
When up a Lawyer rose!

He lodg'd him in a spacious place;
That it might wear a holy face,
He call'd the spot "The Temple;"
And, rather than a Wolf for sign,
Plac'd on the door a Lamb divine—
As of his trade a sample.

When thus set up, he thought a wife
Would much assist his rise in life;

And soon he found a prize—
A Mistress Falsehood, who before
Had a large host of children bore—
Call'd by the vulgar—Lies.

These he adopted, brought up all;
And, I am told, within this Hall
They first were put to school:—
He taught them quibbling as they grew;
And from their dam, a woman true,
They learn'd to *over-rule*.

They cheated, prosper'd, and increas'd;
Nor has their population ceas'd,
As you may here descry;
And, as the issue has not fail'd,
I fear the curse will be entail'd
On all posterity!

But, still to them some praise is due;
With filial duty they pursue
The origin of evil,
And labour still with hand and tongue,
To prove the clon whence they sprung
Was planted by the Devil!

EPITAPH

On a disorderly Fellow named CHEST.

HERE lies one Chest within another;
That chest was good that's made of wood;
But who'll say so of t'other?

EPITAPH

ON JOHN UNDERWOOD.

AH cruel death! that dost no good,
With thy destr ctive maggots;
Now thou hast cropt our *Underwood*,
What shall we do for *faggots?*

JACK KETCH AND THE FRENCHMAN.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

A FRENCHMAN once at some Assizes
('Twas NOTTINGHAM the Muse surmises),
Fell justly, by the course of law,
A victim for—*un grand faux pas.*
When he approach'd the fatal tree
(Un autre Place de Greve pour lui),
And when JACK KETCH prepar'd to tie
The noose that did exalt him high,
Instead of praying to the Lord,
Monsieur exclaim'd, "*Ah! misericorde!*"
"*Measure the cord*," replied JACK KETCH;
"Measure the cord yourself, you wretch!"
Still *Misericorde* was all his cry,
"*Ah! misericorde!* dat I should die!
"*Ah! misericorde!* good folk, good bye!"
"*Measure the cord*, you sniv'ling cur!"
Rejoin'd the Executioner;
"'Tis long e ough—I know 'twill do
"To hang a score such rogues as you;
"And since you've been a thieving elf,
"*Measure the cord*, I say, YOURSELF."

TO SALLY,

AT THE —— CHOP-HOUSE.

DEAR Sally—emblem of thy Chop-house ware,
As Broth reviving, and as White Bread fair;
As Small Beer grateful, and as Pepper strong,
As Beef Steaks tender, as fresh Hot Hearts young;
As sharp as Knife, and piercing as a Fork;
Soft as new Butter, white as fairest Pork;
Sweet as young Mutton, brisk as Bottled Beer,
Smooth as is Oil, juicy as Cucumber;
And bright as Cruet, void of Vinegar.
Oh, Sally! could I turn and shift my Love
With the same skill that you your Steak can move,
My Heart, thus cook'd, might prove a Chop-house feast,
And you alone should be the welcome guest.
But, dearest Sal, the flames that you impart,
Like Chop on Grid-iron, broil my tender heart,
Which, if thy kindly helping hand ben't nigh,
Must, like an unturn'd Chop, hiss, burn, and fry;
And must, at least, thou scorcher of my soul,
Shrink, and become an undistinguish'd coal!

PROLOGUE,

Supposed to be spoken by a Native of Ireland.

LADIES, your favour I again implore,
Grant it me now, I never ask'd before,
To speak an Epilogue, behold me here,
Against my will, turn'd out a volunteer.
[*A great laugh.*

Arrah, be asy, do not spoil my spaking,
What's that you laugh at, is it game you're making?
I'm wrong, 'twas Prologue that I should have said,
Fait I'm a novice in this spouting trade;
So've made a bull of that same term of art,
And fairly set the horse before the cart;
This slip has put me out, I'll try again,
'Tis pity we Irish are such bashful men.
Ladies,
This night's the aweful day, when all our band
For judgment 'fore your tribunal will stand.
We are no hirelings, no, we play for fame;
Profit, not praise, it is our only aim.
I'm out again; I'm bother'd so by fear,
I wish I could invisible appear:
For fait this audience, met to *see* our play,
Has made me quite forget what I'm to say.
So I no more will speak at all at all,
Save, Ladies, I'm your humble servant all;
Upon your candour all our hopes I stake,
Trusting the deed you for th' intent will take.

EPITAPH

ON A SERJEANT OF THE SURRY MILITIA.

HALT, soldier, pass not by in such a hurry!
Here lies a serjeant of the royal Surry;
John Dennis nam'd, a portly grenadier,
Whom all the privates did both love and fear.
Two companies he paid, yet none could say
He ever wrong'd a soldier of his pay.

Grim Death, alas! whose roaster all must prove,
Warn'd him for duty in the heavens above;
Mean time his body here must rest in clay,
Until turn'd out the last grand muster day!

EPITAPH

On Mr. Croft, a Staymaker.

READER, this tomb a *body* chang'd contains,
Who many *bodice* form'd with wond'rous pains:
Poor *Crofts* is now no more, how short his *stay!*
Tho' he for others *stays* made many a day.
The Fates, alas! his thread too soon have cut,
And in one grave his bones and bodkins put:
The power of death from hence learn nought escapes;
For he's a shadow now, that dealt in shapes:
And learn, ye British fair, this fix'd decree,
Nor shape nor beauty from the grave is free.

ODE ON MODERATION.

BY PETER PINDAR.

"SOME folk are mad, and do not know it,"
Says *some one*—I forget the poet;
And verily the bard was in the right:—
Wild as a puppy chasing butterflies,
The world hunts Transport with keen nose and eyes—
Deceitful lass, who often proves a bite!

The calm, cool, philosophic hour,
The purling brook, the woodbine bow'r,
The grove's, the valley's sweet and simple song;
Morn's virgin blush, and Evening's setting ray,
On more than half the world are *thrown away*,
Whose joys must like a whirlwind pour along.

Calmly let *me* begin and end Life's chapter,
Ne'er panting for a *hurricane* of rapture;
Calm let me walk—not riotous and jumping;
With due decorum let my heart
Perform a sober, quiet part—
Not at the ribs be ever bumping, buming!
Rapture's a *charger*, often breaks his girt—
Runs off, and flings his rider in the dirt.

Lo, when for Gretna Green the couple start,
Love plays his gambols through each throbbing heart:—
Squeezing and hugging, kissing, on they go;
Wild, from the chaise they poke their heads to John—
"Make haste, dear John; drive on, drive on, drive on!
"Lord, Lord—your horses are so very slow!"
And whilst for Gretna Green each turtle sighs,
The Blacksmith * seems an angel in their eyes!

But, when this Blacksmith has perform'd *his* part,
Possession quells the tumults of the heart:

---

* Also a divine, who gains a considerable maintenance by making matrimonial chains as well as horseshoes.

The heart with *foaming* bliss no more boils over!
Now leisurely into the chaise they get;
They ask no John to drive, no horse to sweat—
No eyes' keen sparkle shows the burning lover!

No kisses 'midst the jolting road they snap;
Cælia now takes a comfortable nap;
Down on her cheeks her locks dishevell'd flow—
Not vastly smooth, but much like locks of hay;
Her cap, not much resembling Alpine snow,
Shook from the rolling, wearied head away!
The *youth* too, with his noddle on his breast,
His hair all careless, much in hay-like trim;
As though sweet Wedlock's joys had lost their zest,
As though a dull indiff'rence damn'd the whim,
With mouth half shut, that heavy seems to say—
"The devil take the Blacksmith, and the day
"That tied me to that trollop, now my wife,
"Just like a jack-ass to a post—for *life!*"

THE FIERY ELEMENT PERSONIFIED.

[ASCRIBED TO MR. SHERIDAN.]

IN *poets*, all my marks you'll see,
Since flash and smoke reveal me;
Suspect me always near *Nat Lee*—
E'en *Blackmore* can't conceal me.

In *Milton*'s page I glow by art,
One flame intense and even;
In *Shakspear*'s *blaze!* a sudden start,
Like lightnings flash'd from heav'n!

In many more, as well as they,
Through various forms I shift;
I'm gently lambent when I'm *Gay*,
But brightest when I'm *Swift*.

From smoke, sure tidings you may get,
It can't subsist without me;
Or find me like some fond coquet,
With fifty sparks about me.

In other forms I oft am seen,
In breasts of *Young* and *Fair*;
And as the *Virtues* dwell within,
You'll always find me there.

I with pure, piercing, brilliant gleams,
Can arm *Eliza*'s eye!—
With modest, soft, ethereal beams,
Sweet *Mary's* I supply!

BUONAPARTE TO THE FRENCH DIRECTORY, GREETING:

ACCEPT, O citizens! a letter,
Wrote from a tavern in Rosetta-r;
Where I am dining at my ease,
On turtle soup, and lamb, and pease;
A pigeon pie—a calf's head hash'd—
A plate of fine potatoes mash'd;
A Soland goose and Chinese pheasant;—
The rest I can't describe at present.
We drink Madeira, hock, and sherry,
So officers and men are merry.

At night, we quaff full flowing bowls—
You never saw such merry souls!
But now to business—Here we landed,
And not a single soul was stranded:
Fortune her favours showers on us,
Fire can't burn, nor water drown us;
All is propitious to our wishes—
We fly like birds, and swim like fishes;
And as we march'd along, we taught all
That every Frenchman is immortal;
That shere's no need of darns or stitches,
To mend a Frenchman s ragged breeches;
That Frenchmen's coats can ne'er decay,
However other mortals' may;
That Frenchmen need no common fare,
But fatten finely o: the air.—
But now, O Citizens! to matters
May call your minds off from your platters—
Rejoice ye at the news I tell!
A few are dead—but all are well.
By day we're very apt to fry—
But not a single man is dry;
And if at night the welkin freezes,
There's not a single man that sneezes.
By G—d we are so finely off,
We hav'n't got a single cough
Among the whole of the rascallions
That I have form'd into battalions;
And though the melons may be urging,
We have not had a single purging;
And are in such complete condition,
That home we do not fix a wish on.—

Our neighbours are a race of bucks
I think they call them Mameluks—
A set of jolly dogs; but hang 'em,
You'd split your sides to see us bang 'em—
To see us seize their huge firelocks,
With golden pans and silver cocks,
Their jackets all so fine and tawdry,
Bedizen'd out with rich embroidery!
And then the dingy sons of whores
Have pockets cramm'd with louis-d'ors!
We've ragged elbows, and must piece 'em;
D—me, you'd laugh to see us fleece 'em!—
We kill'd all those that chose to stay—
As for the rest, they ran away!
Now, Citizens, you may prepare O!
To hear how Bonapart' does fare O!
At the same town they call Grand Cairo:
The first night's supper I'd, alas!
A fine fresh cod and oyster sauce;
The army—all their mother's sons—
Supp'd, and slept sound, on well spic'd buns—
And wak'd next morning to regale
On Banbury cakes and Yorkshire ale!
As tall and broad as oaks, the trees
Are laden with rare strawberries.
See but their woods, and you'll allow
They've toasted muffins on each bough.
In short, we've all that we can wish,
Of flesh and fowl, and fruit and fish;
All that can constitute a treat—
One thing we miss—and that's the FLEET!!!

THE AUCTION.

I'LL strive to sing something, yet wou'd not do wrong,
Will you please to accept of a Common-place Song?—
This World's like an Auction for selling and shewing,
Truth, *Friendship*, and *Gratitude*,—*going! a-going!*

They are going!—but how? not by hammer knock'd down,—
No, no! out of Taste, they must go out of Town.
u ch stuff wou'd our dear dissipation encumber,
They are shipp'd off for sea, and exported as lumber.

Preferment put up! who bids? *I, I, I, I*;
Such a noise it has made we the Lot must put by:
At the name of *Preferment* if uproar is heard,
No wonder such clamour against the preferr'd.

Confusion, and eke Contradiction its mate,
Fill our heads with—I don't know what politic prate;
As all to be *in*, suppose equal pretences,
Of *Innings* when *baulk'd*, they're out of their senses.

Yet, seriously, Sirs, this world's not so bad,
Some Women are chaste, and some Men are not mad;
But where do they live? 'tis not worth while to try,
They are such sort of folks other folks can't live by.

How easy is Weakness by Wickedness turn'd,
Unworthiness welcom'd, and Worthiness scorn'd;
The Female Sex charge not with prostitute vice,
Mankind will be bought come but up to their price.

All Men and their Measures 'tis easy to see,
No Parties, but Parties of Pleasure for me;
Let this Side, or that Side, or both Sides be mad,
We know no distinction but *good* Men and *bad*.

Will any here hesitate how they declare?
Or, Toast the *good* people at home and elsewhere;
Their country, complexion, religion, or wealth,
We heed not, but drink to the HONEST MAN'S HEALTH.

GOOD FRIDAY.

BY PETER PINDAR.

SIR HARRY, a high priest, and deep divine,
Ambitious much 'mid *modern* Saints to shine,
On a Good Friday evening took an airing:—
Not far had he proceeded, ere a sound
Did the two ears of this *good* priest *astound*:
Such as loud laughs, commix'd with some small swearing.

Now in an orchard peep'd the Knight so sly,
With such a staring, rolling, frenzied eye;
Where, lo! a band of rural swains were blest:—
Too proud to *join* the *crew*, he wav'd his hand,
Beck'ning to this unholy playful band—
Forth came a *boy*, obedient to the Priest.

" What wicked things are ye all doing here,
" On this most solemn day of all the year?"—
" Playing *to* skittles," said the simple lad.
" Playing at skittles!—Devils, are ye mad?
" For *what?*"—" A Jack-ass, Sir," the boy replies—
" A *Jack-ass!*" roars the Priest, with wolf-like eyes:
" Run, run, and tell them HEAV'N will not be shamm'd—
" Tell them this instant that they'll all be *damn'd*"

"I *will*, SIR HARRY—*iss*, I *will*, SIR HARRY"—
Then off he set th' important news to carry;
To warn them what dread torments would ensue:
But suddenly the scamp'ring lad turn'd round,
And thus, with much simplicity of sound,
"SIR HARRY, mus the *Jack-ass* be *damn'd too?*"

ODE TO A PRETTY BAR-MAID.

By the Same.

SWEET NYMPH, with teeth of pearl, and dimpled chin,
And roses that would tempt a saint to sin,
Daily to thee so constant I return;
Whose smile improves the coffee's ev'ry drop,
Gives tenderness to ev'ry steak and chop,
And bids our pockets at expences spurn.

What YOUTH, well powder'd, of pomatum smelling,
Shall on that lovely bosom fix his dwelling?
Perhaps the WAITER, of himself so full!
With *thee* he means the coffee-house to quit;
Open a tavern, and become a *cit*,
And proudly keep the head of the *Black Bull*.

'Twas *here* the WITS of ANNA's Attic age
Together mingled their poetic rage;
Here PRIOR, POPE, and ADDISON, and STEELE;
Here PARNELL, SWIFT, and BOLINGBROKE, and GAY,
Pour'd their keen prose, and tun'd the merry lay,
Gave the fair toast, and made a hearty meal.

'Twas *here*, o'er fragrant coffee to unbend,
The WITS their epigrams so happy, penn'd,
And bade in madrigals a CHLOE shine;
A MIRA, a BELINDA, and a PHILLIS,
Who boasted roses possibly, and lilies,
Such as now deck that cheek and breast of thine.

NYMPH of the roguish smile, which thousands seek,
Give me another, and *another* steak;
A *kingdom* for another stake, but giv'n
By *thy* fair hand, that shames the snow of heaven.

Give me a glass of punch, O smiling lass,
And let thy luscious lip embalm the glass—
Touch it and spread a charm around the brim:
Health to thy beauties, NANCY, and may TIME
Ne'er meddle with thy present healthful prime,
Thy ringlets spoil, and eyes of diamonds dim.

Lo, from each box thy lute-tun'd voice to hear,
YOUTH nimbly turns him round, with wanton leer:
Nay, wrinkled AGE himself, with locks so white,
Findeth *within* a kind of bastard fire,
Whose mouth, poor cripple, watering with desire,
Opes toothless on thy beauties in delight.
How for thy lamb-like flesh he seems to hunger!
He feels himself a pair of ages younger!

Tell me again, O NYMPH, *whose* happy arms
Are doom'd, for life, to circle those bright charms,
And to that bosom give brave girls and boys?
That lucky lot, alas! will ne'er be *mine*—
A gaze, a squeeze, perchance a kiss divine,
Must form the bounds, O NANCY, of my joys.

Yet if rich favours, far beyond a smile
So kind, thy Poet's moments to beguile,
Thou wishest to bestow!—in LOVE's name *give* 'em;
And, thankful, on my *knees* will I *receive* 'em.

THE SPECIFIC.

THO' Newspapers puff ev'ry Nostrum to town,
What Nostrum is like the Grape's Juice?
No Chymical Liquor that turns red to brown,
No *Beaume de Vie*, nor *Eau de Luce*.
As to *Rouge*, the rank practice, alas! is so rife,
The Beauty of Health it consumes,
But Wine is the Volatile Spirit of Life,
And brightens our natural Blooms.

The *Balsam of Honey* a tickling Cough stops,
To *Maredant* the *Scurvy* submits;
There's what's his Name's wonderful *Viperine Drops*,
And *Henry* for Hysteric Fits;
But *Physic*, like *Music*, bears Fashion's decree,
Of Modish Distempers they tell us;
Licentiates, or not so, yet ev'ry *M. D.*
Pronounces us *Narvous* or *Bilous*.

Pour Wine into Wounds you'll be cur'd in a jerk,
Religious that text to pursue,
Whene'er my mind's wounded, I draw a long Cork,
Sometimes my Prescription is Two.
The Doctor's a Dunce, down the Sink dash the Slops,
Those Pipes we are going to start 'em;
Just draw off a Glass, they are *Bacchus's* Drops,
The Mixture is *Secundum Artem*.

As to Cuckoldom—that is a hurt to the Head—
If Wives will be Harlots why let them,
An *Absorbent* we find in a Bottle of Red,
An *Opiate* by which we forget them.
Philosophers say—but a fig for their Saws,
Such water-chill'd Maxims disown 'em;
Their *Efficients* I prove are *deficient* in Cause,
When I've my Scot's Pint, *Magnum Bonum*.

Wine makes—aye, what won't it? it makes right and wrong,
'Tis *Love*, *Wit*, and *Truth*'s Ventilator;
At once it locks up the most voluble Tongue,
At once turns a *Mute* to a *Prater*.

If fond of a Fair, Wine this Magic will shew,
Make but, like an Artist, your Trial;
In *her* it will silence the nerves which say *no*,
And raise *you* above a *Denial.*

More or less to the *Scurvy* all Men are a prey,
Quoth *this*, *that*, and *t'other* Physician:
More or less we're all mad, I will venture to say,
And the World's in a scurvy condition.
Good Wine makes good Blood, and good Blood keeps us sound,
So *Recipe quantum sufficit*;
For Madness, my friendss, since the Remedy's found,
Let none be so mad as to miss it.

THE TRAVELLER AND JUPITER.

WHAT wicked thousands sooner would affront
(Such is of sin the wonderful increase)
The Heav'n's Eternal RULER—fie upon't—
Than one poor brainless JUSTICE of the Peace,

Or COUNTRY 'SQUIRE, who nothing knows but doxies,
Hares, Acts of Parliament, hounds, horses, foxes!

Nay, further—which should scarcely be repeated—
(And, oh! that groundless were the POET's fears!)
GOD by *his own* sad servants is *worse treated*,
Worse than our Country Gentlemen by *theirs.*

Ask of the Bishops else, whose humble souls
Sweet MERCY melts, and CHARITY controuls.

To cheat the Dev'l, at times, I've no objection;
Not *Heav'n!* 'tis such a *villainous reflection!*

A certain TRAVELLER, in ancient days,
When Gods and Goddesses were thick as hops,
Wishing, as he was beating the highways,
For something dainty to amuse his chops;

Knelt down to JUPITER, and thus began:
"O JUPITER, as I'm an honest man,
"I'll keep my word, if thou wilt grant my pray'r;
"Amidst my travels, let me *something* find—
"Little or much, good, bad, of any kind,
"I vow to thee, thy Godship *half* shall share."

Then with grave sanctity he thump'd his craw;
Much as to say, "Great JOVE, my word's a law."

He had not walk'd a mile, before he found
A handsome bag of filberts on the ground;
At sight of which, his lips with rapture smacking,
Plumb down he squats, and falls at once to cracking.

To cut my story short, he crack'd and eat,
From ev'ry nut, each atom of the meat;
When gravely gathering up the shells, he cries,
"JOVE, sacred have I kept my word—for see,
"The *better* half indeed I leave to *thee*,
"The *shells*, O mighty Ruler of the skies!

"There are they all, great JOVE—survey 'em:
"Should'st thou suspect my honour—*weigh 'em!*"

ANACREONTIC.

TO SYLVIA.

HOW can'st thou smile at my despair,
And bid me *other* nymphs adore?
Shew me a girl but *half* so fair,
And I will trouble thee no more.

Hide then that neck, and lip, and eye,
Since thus resolv'd to shun pursuit;
For LOVE will follow, like the fly,
That always seeks the *fairest* fruit.

LINES

Written to a Lady, who had a loose Tooth extracted, and fastened in again by drilling a hole through it, and passing two ligatures, by which it was tied to the tooth on each side.

DEAR Madam, tell an anxious friend,
What terms you live on with your *Tooth:*
I hope your *jars* are at an end;
But still I wish to know the truth.

'Tis well you was alarm'd in time,
And took the hint, and look'd about:
He and his neighbours could not chime,
They threaten'd shortly to fall out.

He then shew'd signs of *insurrection*,
And some acquaintance had with *Pain*;
But now's he's *drill'd*—a just correction,
And *to the ranks* reduc'd again.

An action you commenc'd for trover,
And Bradley bade contention cease;
He *took him up*, and *bound him over*,
And *ty'd him down* to keep the peace.

Then, lest himself should gain no fame,
And you no profit from his labours,
As further sureties for the same,
Bound over both his *next door neighbours*.

Now let him learn to prize his lot,
And try to keep within his tether;
Let each old grievance be forgot,
And may you both long *hold together*.

THE PIG AND MAGPIE.

A Fable.

BY PETER PINDAR.

COCKING his tail, a saucy prig,
A Magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,
To pull some hair, forsooth, to line his nest;
And with such ease began the hair-attack,
As thinking the fee-simple of the back
Was by *himself*, and not the *Pig*, possest.

The Boar look'd up, as thunder black, to Mag,
Who, squinting down on him, like an arch wag,
Inform'd Mynheer some bristles must be torn;
Then busy went to work, not nicely culling;
Got a good handsome beakful by good pulling,
And flew, without a "Thank ye," to his thorn.

The Pig set up a dismal yelling;
Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,
Who, like a fool, had built it 'midst a bramble:
In, manfully, he sallied, full of might,
Determin'd to obtain his right,
And 'midst the bushes now began to scramble

He drove the Magpie, tore his nest to rags,
And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags:
But ere he from the brambles came, alack!
His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

THIS is a pretty tale, my Lords, and pat:
To folks like *you* so clever, *verbum sat.*

BAGATELLE.

MADAM Venus, attended by each pretty grace,
With a supplicant knee, and her sweet begging face,
Ask'd of Bacchus, this morning, a favor:
When his Godship at once rais'd her up with a kiss;
"Then tell me," says he, "what the great favour is;
"For I cannot refuse one so clever."

"Why the truth," says her Goddessship, "and the whole truth,
"Is, in spite of my beauty, my shape, and my youth,

" That I can't make a proselyte now—
" Not a man do I find that is able to prove
" Once a convert from rambling, to laudable love;
" But they all pay their homage to you."

Jolly Bacchus reply'd, and reply'd with a smile,
" Pr'ythee Venus observe, and believe me the while,
" I am innocent, here, it is plain;
" For I ne'er see a man till you first wound his heart;
" Then he flies to his doctor to take out the dart;
" Which I do with a flask of Champaign—

" Oh! a flask," says fair Venus, " would never do harm;
" But they drink till, e'en beauty no longer can charm,
" And I lose, ever after, my power"—
" Pr'ythee, Venus, a truce," said the rosy-cheek'd God;
" For whatever my frolics may be all abroad,
" In this place they shall drink but an hour.

" Thus shall friendship and love to its channel return,
" And with virtue alone shall both sexes still burn;
But, remember, I only mean here—
" For, in London, I'll push the brisk glass as before,
" And will rattle, and prattle, and frolic, and roar;
" For, pray, who is my Godship to fear?"

Venus now ran away to each fair blooming maid;
" Oh! *I came, I saw, and I conquer'd*," she said;
" His proud Godship, at once, buckles to—

" For the bottle, he swears, shall henceforward submit
" To your beauty, your sense, your good-nature, your wit;
" And that men shall give women their due."

THE JEWESS AND HER SON.

BY PETER PINDAR.

POOR Mistress LEVI had a luckless son,
Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
In imitation of th' ambitious great,
High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
He fell all plump into the pit,
Dead in a minute as a nit:
In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck;

The mother was distracted, raving, wild;
Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiss'd her child;
Afflicted ev'ry heart with grief around.
Soon as the show'r of tears was somewhat past,
And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
She cast about her eyes in thought profound;
And being with a saving knowledge bless'd,
She thus the playhouse manager address'd:

" Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
" Dat meet mishfartin here so bad—
" Sher, I muss haf de shilling back, you know,
" Ass MOSES haf nat see de show."

THE MENAGERIE OF THE GODS.

(From the German of Burger.)

OUR lap-dogs and monkies, our squirrels and cats,
Our parrots, canaries, and larks,
Have furnish'd amusement to many old maids,
And once in a while to young sparks.

In heaven, where time passes heavily too,
When the Gods have no subject to talk on,
Jove calls for an eagle he keeps in a mew,
As an old English baron his falcon.

He lets it jump up on his sofa and chair,
And dip his crookt beak in his cup;
And laughs when it pinches young Ganimede's ear,
Or eats his ambrosia up.

Queen Juno, who fears from rough play a mishap,
Keeps peacocks with rainbowy tails;
And when she's dispos'd to grudge Saturn his nap,
Their screaming or screeching ne'er fails.

Fair Venus most willingly coaxes the doves,
That coo, woo, and wed on her wrist;
The sparrow, her chambermaid Aglae loves,
As often is fondled and kist.

Minerva, too proud to seem pleas'd with a trifle,
Professes to keep her old owl,
The crannies and chinks of Olympus to rifle;
For rats, mice, and vermin, to prowl.

Apollo above stairs, a first-rate young blood,
Has a stud of four galloway ponies;
To gallop them bounding on heaven's high road,
A principal part of his fun is.

'Tis fabled or known he instructed a swan,
One spring, to outwhistle a blackbird,
Which sings the Castalian streamlet upon,
Like any Neapolitan lack-beard.

Lyceus in India purchas'd a pair
Of tygers delightfully pyball'd,
And drives them about at the speed of a hare,
With self-satisfaction unrivall'd.

At Pluto's black gate, in a kennel at rest,
A mastiff to grin has its station,
That fearful of reaching the fields of the blest,
Some ghosts have made choice of damnation.

But among all the animals, little and great,
That are foster'd and pamper'd above,
The ass old Silenus selects for his mate
Is that which so fondly I love.

So quiet, so steady, so guarded, and slow,
He bears no ill-will in his mind;
And nothing indecent, as far as I know,
Escapes him before or behind.

So fully content with himself and his lord,
He is us'd with good humour to take
Whatever the whims of the moment afford,
Be it drubbing, or raisins and cake.

He knows of himself every step of the way,
Both down to the cellar and back;
A qualification, I venture to say,
No butler of mine is to lack.

So large is his rump, so piano his pace,
'Tis needless the rider to gird on;
Tho' fuddled the god, tho' uneven the ways,
He never gets rid of his burden.

An ass such as this all my wishes would fill;
O grant me, Silenus, one pray'r,
When thou art a-dying and planning thy will,
Good father do make me thy heir!

THE

DIAMOND PIN AND THE FARTHING CANDLE.

A Fable.

BY PETER PINDAR.

UPON a Lady's toilet, full of lustre,
A Di'mond PIN one night began to bluster:
Full of conceit, like some young flirting girl,
Her senses lost in VANITY's wild whirl:

Highly disgusted at a Farthing Candle,
Left by the LADY of the *broom*,
Nam'd SUSAN, slipp'd into another room,
Something of consequence to handle—

"You nasty tallow thing," exclaim'd MISS PIN,
"Pray keep your distance—don't stay here, and wink;
"I loath ye—you and all your greasy kin—
"Good heav'ns! how horribly you look and stink!"

"Good Lord! MISS PIN," MISS CANDLE quick reply'd,
"Soften a little that ungrateful pride:
"You *shine* indeed—to this I must agree:
"Yes, *Miss*, you make a very pretty blaze;
"But let me tell ye, that your wond'rous rays
"Owe all their boasted brilliancy to *me*."

"How! *Madam* IMPUDENCE!" rejoin'd MISS PIN,
First with a frown, and then a scornful grin;
"I should not sure have dreamt of *that*,
"MISS FAT!"

"SUSAN," Miss CANDLE bawl'd, "SUSAN, come here;
"Such saucy language I'll no longer bear:
"SUSAN, come, satisfy the *Lady*'s doubt—
"Take me away, I say, or blow me out."

SUSAN, who, list'ning, heard the great dispute,
By no means could refuse Miss CANDLE's suit;
So into darkness SUSAN blew her beam:
"*Now*," with a sharp sarcastic sneer,
"*Now*," quoth Miss CANDLE, "*now*, my dear,
"Where is of radiance *now* your boasted stream?"

" Where are your keen and fascinating rays,
" Ten thousand of them—such a mighty blaze?"

Miss DI'MOND star'd, and star'd, and star'd again,
To find departed radiance, but in *vain*.

Quite vanish'd! not a single ray display'd!
Each sparkle swallow'd in the depth of shade!
Alter'd, quite alter'd, sadly disappointed,
The bones of her high pride disjointed,
" I fear," quoth PIN, " I much mistake my nature."
" True," answer'd CANDLE, " true, my dear Miss PIN;
" Lift not, in future, *quite so high*, your chin,
" But show some rev'rence for your BLAZE-CREATOR."

RECEIPT TO MAKE A SALLY-LUN,

(A WELL-KNOWN CAKE AT BATH.)

NO more I heed the muffin's zest,
The Yorkshire cake, or bun,
Sweet Muse of Pastry! teach me how
To make a Sally-Lun.

Take thou of luscious wholesome cream
What the full pint contains,
Warm as the native blood which glows
In youthful virgin's veins.

Hast thou not seen in olive rind,
The wall-tree's rounded nut?
Of juicy butter just its size,
In thy clean pastry put.

Hast thou not seen the golden yolk,
In chrystal shrine immur'd;
Whence, brooded o'er by fost'ring wing,
Forth springs the warrior bird?

Oh! save three birds from savage man,
And combat's sanguine hour;
Crush in three yolks the seeds of life,
And on the butter pour.

Take then a cup that holds the juice,
Fam'd China's fairest pride:
Let foaming yeast its concave fill,
And froth adown its side.

But seek thou first, for neatness' sake,
The Naiad's chrystal stream;
Swift let it round the concave play,
And o'er the surface gleam,

Of salt, more keen than that of Greece,
Which cooks, not poets use,
Sprinkle thou then with sparing hand,
And thro' the mass diffuse.

Then let it rest, disturb'd no more,
Safe in its steady seat,
Till thrice Time's warning bell hath struck,
Nor yet the hour compleat.

And now let Fancy revel free,
By no stern rule confin'd;
On glitt'ring tin, in varied form,
Each Sally-Lun be twin'd.

But heed thou well to lift thy thought
To me, thy power divine;
Then to the oven's glowing mouth
The wond'rous work consign.

ANGEL'S FACE.

NO plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight,
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night;

Along whose inner bottom—stretch'd
In pride of chubby grace—
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

JOHN swallowed first a moderate sup;
But JOAN was not like JOHN;
For when *her* lips *once* touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

JOHN often urg'd her to drink fair;
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the ANGEL there,
And, therefore—drain'd the pot.

When JOHN found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the ANGEL stood so plain
He got a DEVIL pourtray'd.

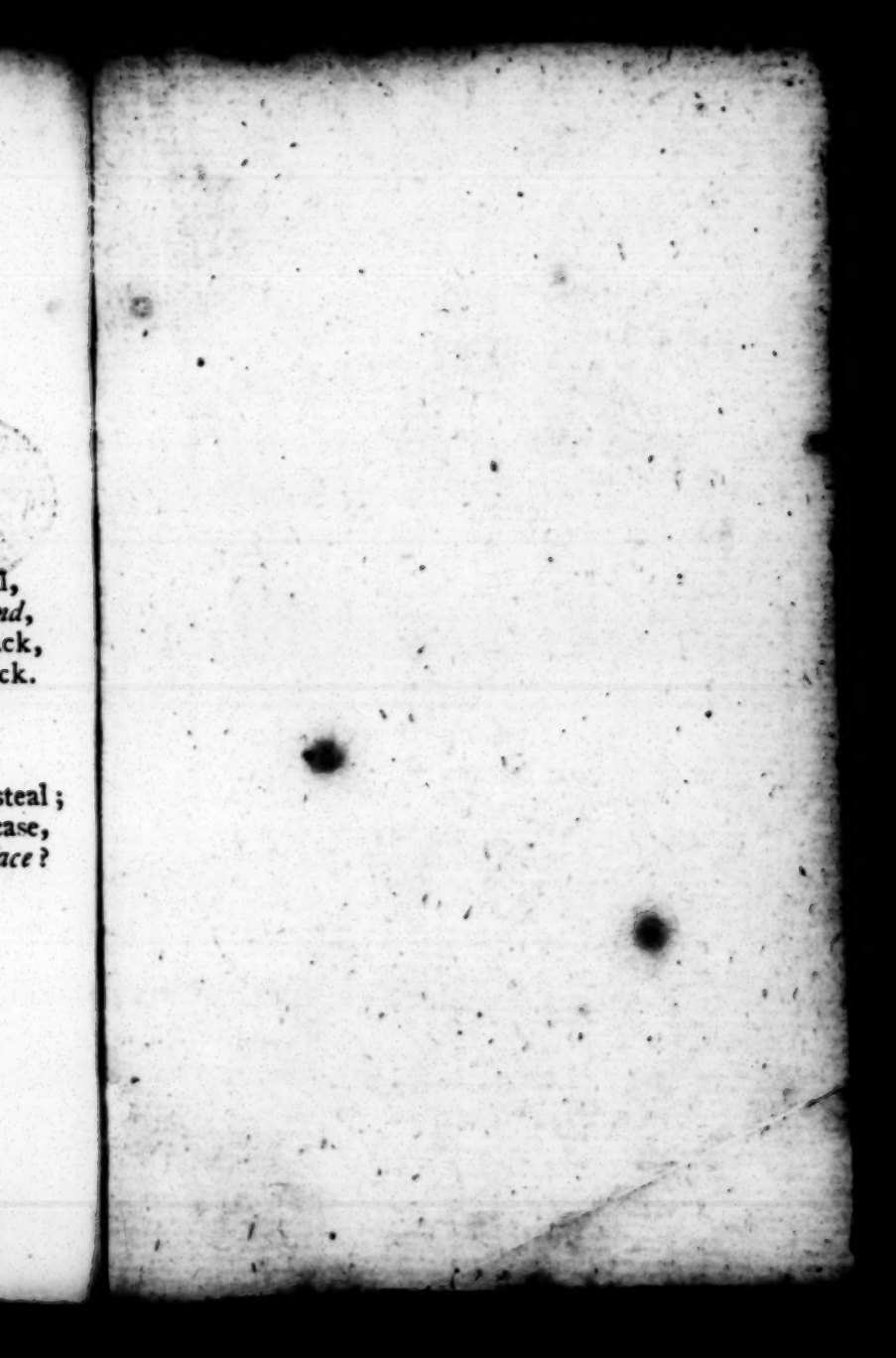
JOAN saw the horns, JOAN saw the tail,
Yet JOAN as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.—

JOHN star'd with wonder petrify'd,
His hair stood on his pate;
And, "why dost guzzle now," he cry'd,
"At this enormous rate?"——

"JOHN," she said, "am I to blame?"
"I can't in conscience stop;
"For then 'twould be a burning shame,
"*To leave the* DEVIL—*a drop.*

EPIGRAM.

When I call'd t'other day on a noble renown'd,
In his great marble hall lay the Bible *well bound*,
Not as printed by Baskett, and *bound* up in black,
But chain'd to the floor, like a thief by the back.
Unacquainted with *ton*, and your quality airs,
I suppos'd it intended for family prayers;
His *piety* pleas'd, I applauded his zeal,
Yet thought none would venture the Bible to steal;
But judge my surprize, when inform'd of the case,
He had chain'd it, *for fear it should fly in his face?*

FINIS

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